

English Literature for Secondary Schools
General Editor:—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

THE ISLE OF GRAMARYE
OR TALES OF OLD BRITAIN

PART I



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TORONTO



DIANA THE HUNTRESS

Frontispiece.

The Isle of Gramarye

or

Tales of Old Britain

By
E. P. Roberts

"Where are the temples that in Britain's isle
To his paternal gods the Trojan raised?
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed."
WORDSWORTH.

PART I

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ILLUSTRATION

DIANA THE HUNTRESS. From the statue in the Louvre known as "The Diana of Versailles" (a Greek work probably of the second century B.C.).

Frontispiece.

INTRODUCTION.

A.D. Many centuries ago, when King Stephen had been

1139. four years on his uneasy throne, a Welsh monk named Geoffrey of Monmouth published a remarkable book entitled *Histories of the Kings of Britain*. It was written in Latin, translated—so he said—from a very old MS. in the ancient British tongue, which his friend Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, had found in a monastery, when travelling in Brittany. If this were so, Geoffrey seems to have translated it very, very freely and to have made many additions of his own invention; in fact, many critics are of opinion that he invented the whole thing.

Most of us have a hazy notion of ancient Britons as barbarians who painted themselves blue and fed on acorns; but according to the author of the *Histories* they were really a highly civilized race, descended from a Trojan prince and his followers who landed on these shores a thousand years before Julius Caesar; and he gravely relates the wildest, most improbable stories concerning a long line of kings that no other historian even mentions. But the chief interest of the book centres in the amazing exploits of the great Arthur, who, from the chieftain famous in Welsh folk-lore as a conqueror of the Saxons, is transformed into a western emperor, holding his splendid court at Caerleon-upon-Usk.

No doubt the “footsteps of something true” may be

traced in all this extravagance; the story of Brut and his Trojans may have its origin in legends current among the Brythonic Celts; possibly a "very old book" really did exist, though it evidently forms but a small part of the *Histories*. Geoffrey's hand is betrayed by the fact that all the Ancient Britons bear a striking resemblance to Norman barons; their methods of warfare, their manners and customs are those of the Feudal System, for mediaeval writers were seldom able to imagine any period or state of society but their own. Geoffrey, being a Welshman, ought to have known his own people better, but perhaps he purposely wrote from a Norman standpoint in order to please his patrons, Henry I. and Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who are said to have employed him to execute the work as a sort of national prose epic in which Norman ideals should find expression.

People, however, were not critical in the days of King Stephen; they never noticed such trifles as anachronisms, and the book was at once received with surprise and delight as genuine history. It was widely read and copied by succeeding chroniclers; Maistre Wace, the court poet of Henry II., made a Norman-French version—*Le Roman de Brut*—for Queen Eleanor; Layamon, a priest of Ernley-on-Severn, followed with *The Brut*, a long Early English poem, the first in the language; and many a song and story on this theme charmed away the weary hours in hall, guard-room and lady's bower. The gorgeous King Arthur excited especial admiration; he was hailed as the pattern of chivalry, and all the young knights "formed their style on him." In Normandy and Brittany, his court and fellowship of warriors inspired a series of romances that attained a world-wide fame.

For four hundred years Geoffrey's book held its own as an authority, and it was not until the Revival of Learning in the sixteenth century that scholars began to expose its

absurdities. But though it gradually lost all credit as serious history, it became more popular than ever as fiction owing to the great literary outburst in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and many other poets and playwrights had recourse to Geoffrey's pages; presentments of his kings and queens trod the stage; they rode through the streets in a Lord Mayor's Show and graced the gilded barges of water pageants, to the delight of thronging citizens on a "gaudy day."

But the Civil War swept away these mummeries, and the return of the Stuarts found the rising generation far too cynical and prosaic to take any interest in such childish fables. One or two—such as Jack the Giant-killer—have survived as nursery tales; here and there the names of rock and river conjure up faint ghosts; the Brutus Stone at Totnes is still pointed out to tourists, and two hideous wicker effigies of Corineus and Goemagot are yet to be seen in the Guildhall. It is in the realms of Tragedy and Romance that King Lear and King Arthur live immortal, but had they remained with Geoffrey's company of heroes, they would no doubt have faded away with them into oblivion.

It seems a pity that English boys and girls, who are so familiar with the fairy-tales of other countries, should know so little of these wain legends (as Swinburne calls them) of their native land. Yet they would find the *Histories*, even in a translation, very dull reading; being intended for grown-up men (Norman priests and nobles), they are full of monotonous accounts of battles and sieges and tedious set speeches; the old monk, too, seems to revel in descriptions of carnage and cruelties that to our humaner notions are far from edifying. Nevertheless, there are some charming tales scattered throughout the book, like streaks of shining gold in a heavy lump of quartz. They are not to be compared with the heroic myths of Greece, but because they once held so large a place in the imagination and civic life of our fore-

fathers they have an interest all their own, and deserve a happier fate than that which has befallen them.

Here then is an attempt to retell the stories and make them interesting to children of a later day. The sources of the tales are the *Histories of the Kings of Britain* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Le Roman de Brut* by Wace and *The Brut* by Layamon. Incidents and details have been borrowed from Elizabethan poets and playwrights.

I

LE ROMAN DE BRUT

1. BRUT AND HIS COMPANIONS

"Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he ploughed the British sea,
First from Rutupia's towering headland seen ;
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogene."

MILTON.

B.C. THE aged King Ascanius sat in the gate of
1082. his rock-hewn city that he had founded on
the mountain side, sloping down to the Alban Lake.
Around him stretched the fertile fields and pasture
lands of his shepherd kingdom, watered by the smooth-
gliding Tiber, now glittering like silver in the morning
sunlight. In this favoured clime the Trojan exiles
whose fathers had followed the great Aeneas from
the burning city of Troy, tended their flocks and
herds and dwelt apart from the Italian peoples,
speaking their own language and worshipping their
own gods.

It was a mellow autumn morning with a sky of
Italy's own sapphire blue. Outside the gate a gay
party was assembling, for the princes of his house
were setting out for the chase with their huntsmen
and servants ; but the pleasant scene brought no joy

to the heart of the chieftain, and his eyes grew hard and stern under his shaggy brows as they rested on a gallant, boyish figure that, bow in hand, was striding among the hounds. It was Brut, his grandson, a noble child, with clustering curls and dark imperious eyes; though not yet more than fifteen years old, with sunburnt cheek shaded only by a golden down, he stood almost as tall as his father, Silvius, and was beautiful enough to gladden the heart of any grand-sire. Ascanius himself had been just such a beardless boy when, many years before, he had overcome Mezentius, the Etruscan king, in single combat; and Brut, true to his Dardan blood, gave promise of becoming no less great a warrior and leader of men. But at his birth the soothsayers had pronounced a dismal prophecy: "This babe shall one day slay his own father"; though they had added, "albeit after much travel he shall be king over a great people, and shall attain unto the highest honours."

From that hour Ascanius had been haunted by a ceaseless dread, and he took no delight in the second part of the augury in his terror of the fulfilment of the first. He would have had the infant flung into the Tiber or exposed to wild beasts had not Silvius rescued his motherless son from this cruel fate. Silvius himself troubled very little about the sayings of the priests, and placed the child in the care of a foster-mother, charging her to shield her nursling from the King's displeasure.

So Brut grew up in the wild, free life of the ancient world, all unconscious of his dreadful destiny and of

the shadow that darkened his grandfather's declining years. True, he would sometimes be puzzled on intercepting his kinsmen's scowling looks ; and sometimes, when the King, who petted the other children, pushed him away with an impatient groan, he would ask himself : " Why should my grandfather regard me with so much fear ? Am I a venomous serpent or a fierce wolf-cub ? " But, being a happy, careless boy, such incidents made but a fleeting impression on his nature, and he would dash away to swim the river or climb the crag, followed by his eager play-mates whom he had gathered into a little band, for he loved to lead them on daring adventures.

This golden morning found Ascanius more despondent than ever. He had just come from offering the daily sacrifice in the grove hard by, where the augurs, after inspecting the entrails of the victim, had declared that some calamity was near at hand. Could *this* be the appointed day, he wondered, that was to find him bereft of his beloved and only son ? Were the children of his half-brother, Silvius Aeneas, to inherit his kingdom ?

Silvius smiled sadly on perceiving his father's sombre mood, for he guessed all that was passing in his mind ; then his glance fell on his own son, Brut, and his heart thrilled with loving pride as he watched the lad's airs of authority.

" Is he not worthy of thee and of our great father ? " he exclaimed, turning to the King. " Only a son of the goddess-born Aeneas could tread and bear himself so nobly."

But Ascanius put aside the question with a slighting gesture.

"Do not hunt to-day, Silvius, my son," he entreated. "To-morrow the skies may be as fair and the omens more propitious. Or if thou needs must go," seeing the prince about to remonstrate, "go alone and leave the boy to tend his flocks; why should he and his companions waste the day in idle sport?"

But Silvius shook his head and replied gently :

"Why torment thyself, dear Father, because of the words of the soothsayer? We die when we die, and no action of our own, whether it be to hinder or to hasten, can alter the decrees of the Immortals."

So the eager company moved on towards the neighbouring forests, where the towers of imperial Rome were afterwards to rise but which were then the haunt of deer and boar. Brut ranged through the glades at his father's side, and the verderers drove the game towards the princes. The woodlands were so teeming with wild life that ere noon the hunters had brought down a splendid booty, and many an antlered head fell to the bow of the younger prince.

The day was drawing to a close and the party were about to return home, when a tall stag bounded into the open and sprang towards Silvius, who, busied in unstringing his bow, did not perceive its coming.

"Father, beware!" cried Brut. and impetuously took aim. But his arrow, usually so unerring, missed its mark, and just as Silvius, on looking up, made a

movement forward, it struck him full in the breast. He flung up his arms with a groan and fell heavily to the ground; the terrified attendants rushed up and surrounded their master, crying:

"Ai! Ai! the blow so long dreaded has fallen upon our house."

Brut stood by, frozen with horror as they drew out the sharp steel point and stanchd the flowing blood. Then he broke out into wild lamentation.

"Ah, woe is me, my father! My hand it was that sped the accursed shaft. Alas that thine own son should slay thee!"

"The soothsayers divined only too well," said Turonus, one of his young kinsmen. At these words Silvius, fixing his dying eyes upon his son, said with a painful effort:

"Reproach not thyself too bitterly, dear son; thou wert but a tool in the hands of the gods whose unseen power turned thy shaft aside. What man can avoid his destiny? The doom is fulfilled, the worst is past; bethink thee rather of their happier decree, that thou shalt be the ruler of a great nation." And with these words he breathed out his spirit.

Brut threw himself on the ground, convulsed with grief, while the huntsmen constructed a rude bier with the branches of trees; then, seeing them about to convey the lifeless body back to the city, he roused himself and cried:

"I dare not return to Alba Longa! I am a murderer and an outcast; my grandfather will surely slay me." He realized now for the first time the

meaning of those averted, unfriendly looks, and knew that, innocent though he was, his kinsfolk would hold him guilty of his father's blood. Such was the cruel code of justice in those pagan times.

"Henceforth I must wander alone in exile," he said, turning aside instead of following the bier. The hunters answered only by awe-stricken glances; to them he was a thing accursed, but they uttered no reproach; they shouldered their burden in silence and left him standing lonely in the forest clearing. He remained watching the mournful procession till it had disappeared through the trees, then flung himself down upon his face once more, feeling as if his heart would burst with grief.

Presently a hand pressed his shoulder, and raising his head he perceived his friend Turonus kneeling beside him. He was a youth of his own age, the bravest and most devoted of all his band of young companions.

"Why dost thou not leave me like the rest?" the prince asked passionately through his blinding tears, "foredoomed as I am to wander miserably, pursued by the avengers' wrath."

"Nay, I will never leave thee," answered Turonus. "Are we not sworn brothers? Thy grief is my grief, thy exile is my exile." Brut sprang to his feet and, dashing away his tears, exclaimed:

"How canst thou leave thy home and kindred to follow me?"

"Because thou art dearer to me than home or kindred. Look, my brother, the world is before us!

We have dared and shared many a danger in the past, we will dare and share many a danger in the future."

"Share also my high destiny, if it be true that the gods have such in store for me," said the prince, embracing him with kindling eyes. Then they fled away further and further into the depths of the forest.

For many days they wandered till they came to the heel of Italy and found themselves on the sea-shore. Some boatmen were seated on the beach, mending their sails, and the prince, approaching them, inquired :

"What is this water and what land lies beyond it?"

The men replied that it was the Ionian Sea, and that the kingdom of Epirus to the north of Greece lay beyond it.

"Dost remember," exclaimed Brut, turning to his companion, "the stories that the greybeards used to tell us on winter nights about Helenus and his hospitality to Aeneas and our forefathers from Troy?"

For after the downfall of that city, Helenus, son of Priam, with Andromache and many a hundred Trojans, had been led captive to Epirus by the victorious Pyrrhus, but owing to the death of this prince they had gained possession of the province of Chaonia to the west, where Aeneas found them living peaceably under the rule of Helenus.

"What if we sail over to Chaonia?" proposed Brut; "it may be that we shall find some men of our race still dwelling there, and some grandson of Helenus

reigning over them who will show us a like kindness for the sake of our forefathers."

Turonus agreed, and thus it came about that the two comrades left their native land for ever.

2. BRUT IN EPIRUS

"The unhappy slaughter of my luckless sire
Drove me
An exile from the bounds of Italy,
So that perforce we were constrained to fly
To Graecia's monarch, noble Pandrasus"

The Tragedy of Locrine.

On landing at the port of Chaonia the fugitives, tracing the road once trodden by Aeneas and their forefathers, took their way to the lofty city of Buthrotum. But they found no kindly welcome awaiting them. The inhabitants, though Trojans, seemed downcast and oppressed; the men toiling in the fields and the women grinding corn stared sullenly at the strangers, nor would they reply to any questions. On nearing the city they met an old man staggering along with a heavy burden on his back.

"Surely, good father," cried Brut, seeing him stop for a moment to ease the weight from one shoulder to another, "surely that is a load beyond thy frail strength?"

The poor man looked up, surprised at these compassionate words and the Trojan dialect in which they were spoken.

"Thou sayest truly, kind youth," he replied in the same speech, "I am old and stricken in years,

but I serve a cruel taskmaster who has no pity on my infirmities. I am of less value to him than his horse or his ox, and when I am utterly worn out with toil I shall be cast aside to die in the nearest ditch." And here they perceived that he wore round his neck the iron collar and badge of slavery.

"But," he continued, eyeing them curiously, "you must be strangers in the land or you would not speak thus."

"We are Trojans from Alba Longa, descended from the great Aeneas and his followers," answered Turonus.

"Trojans! Then flee away, noble youths, with all the speed you may, else King Pandrasus will cast you into prison or make bondslaves of you both."

"Nay, then, this king is a tyrant and an oppressor, and no true son of Helenus," cried Brut in wrathful tones.

"The grandsons of Helenus are slaves even as we are, for Pandrasus, the Molossian, has regained Chaonia and now rules here in their stead. The Trojan exiles groan in captivity under his heavy yoke; his servants use us like beasts of burden and set us the hardest and most degrading tasks."

The ears of the young men tingled to hear of such usage of their own proud race, and they burst into a storm of indignation, but the old man only sighed and prepared to go on his toilsome way. The prince sprang forward crying:

"At least let us, who are young and strong, shoulder thy burden for thee."

"Nay, flee away, my masters," waving them aside. "Do not be seen near this city if you would escape a like evil fate."

"We go," answered Brut, "yet whisper it among our people that here is a prince of the royal house of Dardanus, sprung from Anchises' line, who burns to avenge their wrongs."

So he and Turonus fled away and took up their abode in one of the forests that clad the surrounding hills, where they passed their time in hunting and in fighting the robber bands with which those wild uplands were infested.

Thus the years went by, and the two friends were boys no longer, but gallant young men, ready to endure any hardship or to face any danger. Brut set up a camp of refuge in the recesses of the forest, and welcomed all the runaway Trojans who had managed to escape from the king's overseers. He soon found himself at the head of a large following, and never had captain a more devoted band. They loved him for his reckless valour and free, open-handed ways, for whenever they took any rich booty he divided it equally among his men, hardly ever keeping any share of it for himself.

It was a joyous life, like that of Robin Hood and his Merry Men at a later day. From their mountain glen the bold company of outlaws ranged the woodlands far and wide, and the country was so ill-governed that they could set both king and law at defiance.

Yet their captain was often sad at heart and, leaving his comrades to follow the chase, he would wander

away to muse alone in some secluded grove. He could not forget the wretched plight of the Trojan exiles languishing in slavery, and he longed to stir them up to some desperate action. If it were true, as his dying father had bidden him remember, that he should one day rule over a great nation, the path to this high destiny must surely lie in the deliverance of his kindred.

Though a price was set upon his head, he would often repair, disguised in peasant garb, to the city of Buthrotum and mingle with the Trojans as they toiled in workshop or field under the whip of the overseer. Listening to their rebellious mutterings it seemed to him that the time for open revolt could not be far distant, and he resolved that when that longed-for hour should strike, he would shrink from no task, heavy though it might be, that the gods should lay upon him.

Once the prince even ventured into King Pandrasus' own city in order to spy out the land. It was a radiant spring morning, and as he made his way up the steep and narrow street the sound of musical instruments and of sweet, fresh voices singing in unison, met his ear. He turned into the open space that lay before the temple of Artemis and beheld a troop of young girls descending the sacred hill. They were arrayed in yellow festal garments, which in that clear sparkling air had the golden sheen of the crocus, and their hands were linked with garlands of poppies and wild flowers.

On they came, and louder swelled the hymn in

praise of the great Huntress with the silver bow. The prince stood by the wayside to gaze as they passed, as reverently as if they had been the goddess' own train of nymphs. Foremost among them went one who moved like a young queen, with proud head and starry eyes that were shining with the rapture of the song. To Brut, she seemed the fairest of all that fair company of worshippers as she went by, so near that the loose fold floating from her upraised arm brushed his cheek.

He stood like one in a dream long after the little procession had disappeared from view. The bystanders were dispersing, though one who, unobserved, had been closely scrutinizing his face, still lingered near, and to him the unconscious prince turned with eager inquiry.

"She is Imogen, the king's eldest daughter," was the reply.

Brut sighed and remained lost in thought.

"You must be gone," said the other, touching him lightly on the arm, "you stay here at the peril of your life."

The prince turned round sharply and faced the speaker. He was a tall man about thirty years old, dressed in the ordinary Epirote cloak and tunic, yet with something noble both in speech and bearing.

"You are Brut, the Dardan," he went on with a meaning glance, "I have seen you at Buthrotum." The younger man's answer was to clutch at the knife in his belt.

"Nay," said the stranger in a low tone, "it is a

friend who speaks. I came up to offer a sacrifice in the temple and recognized your face in the crowd. I am Assaracus."

The Trojan started, for the name was familiar to him by repute as that of a wealthy Epirote noble, the owner of three strong castles. Through his mother he was half a Trojan, and for that reason he had a quarrel with King Pandrasus, who sought to deprive him of his patrimony.

"I, too, hate the tyrant," said the young man in a still lower tone, "and hunger for revenge, for myself and for my Trojan mother. The exiles are without money, without weapons, yet bid them be of good courage, for when the time is ripe for rebellion they will find in me a firm friend and ally."

This was glad news, but its hearer checked an exclamation of delight, though his eyes were eloquent.

"Come to me at Sparatinum," muttered Assaracus hastily, "and till then farewell." He turned away in the direction of the temple, and Brut, fearful of being discovered, made his escape from the city.

The Trojan exiles, in spite of ill-usage, had by this time greatly increased in numbers, and the secret messages that reached them from time to time from the camp of refuge gradually fanned their smouldering hatred into flame.

"Why should we endure this shameful bondage any longer?" the younger men began to ask each other. "Are we of the same blood as the heroes who fought at Troy, or some degenerate race? Let us

rise up against our oppressors, and this young captain of our ancient royal line shall lead us in battle."

So they watched their opportunity and sent messengers into the forest beseeching Brut to be their duke.

"The gods have heard my prayer!" cried the prince, overjoyed at this request. "Right gladly will I lead you. Bid all our people resort to me here in these groves, and when we are gathered together we will make a bold dash for freedom."

It was a desperate enterprise, but Brut had in the meantime been to Assaracus' castle at Sparatinum and had seen the great strength of that fortress and of the other two castles; also with the help of their powerful friend, the young chief and his band had collected great stores of corn and weapons. His hopes of victory rose high when he saw the great multitudes of Trojans who, in answer to his summons, daily came flocking into the forest till they numbered more than seven thousand men, besides women and children; his hopes rose higher still when one day Assaracus rode into the camp with his followers.

"I cast in my lot with yours," he said, "and renounce allegiance to Pandrasus. Henceforth I am a Trojan."

"Henceforth thou art our brother!" cried Brut and Turonus, embracing him, and they all three swore eternal friendship.

The chiefs set to work to drill and discipline all the men and boys capable of bearing arms, and to garrison the castles. Brut told off a number of men trained

in his own band, swift of foot and keen of eye, to serve as scouts and spies ; and Turonus with a garrison of six hundred men was stationed at Sparatinum. It was agreed that Assaracus should occupy the forest and hillside, where they had placed the women and children for safety, but Brut, at the head of a body of rough riders, should have supreme command.

Though all were ready and longing for a fight, Brut, before declaring open rebellion, felt it more prudent to try peaceful speech first. So after much thought he composed a letter, "From Brut, duke of them that are left of Troy, to King Pandrasus greeting." The Trojan exiles (it ran), scorned to endure the Epirote yoke any longer, and demanded leave :—either to inhabit the forest glades beyond the reach of slavery ; or to depart from Epirus and seek a home in some other country.

This done, he despatched it to King Pandrasus.

3 THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

"There I alone did undertake your cause,
There I restored your antique liberty,
Though brave Antigonus, with martial band,
In pitched field, encountered me and mine "

The Tragedy of Locine.

In the meantime, King Pandrasus was in great wrath at the loss of his slaves and, with his brother Antigonus, was collecting troops to track them to their hiding-place and force them to return.

He was seated one day in his tent when the messenger arrived with Brut's letter, but on reading its

bold demands he was almost beside himself with rage, and tore the paper into pieces crying :

“Does this insolent robber-chief dare to address me as an equal ? Be witness, ye gods, if I do not flay him alive and hang his bleeding carcase on the tallest mountain pine ! And as for his rabble of thieves and bond-slaves, I will hunt them down like wild beasts ! ”

The two brothers accordingly set out and ranged the wilderness and forests in search of the runaways. But it was no easy matter in those rugged highlands, full of glens and caves ; they kept getting on a false scent till their men lost heart and fell into great disorder. They were straggling along in this confusion when they came in sight of the castle of Sparatinum.

This fortress was situated on a rock overlooking a wide and barren waste, covered with boulders and brushwood, and watered by rushing torrents that fell from the mountain sides. From this secure height a good view could be obtained of all the surrounding country ; and a pair of keen eyes watching through one of the loopholes had already espied the Epirote host from afar, marching anyhow over the rocky ground.

They were the eyes of the Trojan duke, who, hearing from his scouts that Pandrasus had taken this direction, had set off at full speed with three thousand of his bravest men, and had flung himself into the castle only a few hours before. He smiled grimly on seeing the enemy's broken ranks, and when they had advanced within a short distance, he suddenly sallied forth and

dashed down upon them with his horsemen. The Epirotes, utterly taken by surprise, scampered off in all directions, headed by their king ; but Antigonus and his friend Anakletus, scorned to fly, and after a brave resistance were both taken prisoners.

Pandrasus had saved himself from his pursuers by swimming the river Achelous, though he was nearly drowned in its whirling currents. It was a fearful blow to his pride that the despised Trojans should have routed him at the first onset, and he was sorely grieved over his brother's hard fate. He spent all that night in collecting his scattered troops, and a day or two later he appeared before the castle with his battering-rams and other engines of war, demanding the instant release of the noble prisoners, Antigonus and Anakletus : otherwise he would fetch them out of their dungeons by force and set fire to the castle, so that the Dardan chief and his robber-gang should all perish like rats in a cage.

Turonus laughed scornfully at these boastful threats ; he was once more in command of the garrison, for Brut, under cover of the darkness, had marched back to the forest-camp after giving him strict orders to hold the fortress till his return.

"It is well ; he thinks our duke is inside," said Turonus, and as he made no reply to the enemy's repeated messages, the siege began.

Pandrasus first set to work with his battering-rams, but the walls were so thick that it was impossible to make a breach in any part of them ; then he called for his sappers to undermine them, but the Trojans

flung down huge stones, flaming brimstone torches and showers of boiling water, harassing the sappers so dreadfully (though they worked under cover of a machine called a tortoise) that but very little progress was made; then Turonus contrived some terrible liquid fire made of pitch and sulphur, which wrought such havoc that Pandrasus gave up the idea of an assault and resolved to starve out the garrison.

Thus the siege dragged on, till the Trojans had eaten up nearly all their provisions and grew so thin and weak that they could hardly stand. Yet, starving though they were, they had no thought of surrender; rather should their duke find them all dead men! Oh, would he never come? they wondered.

One starless night the Epirotes were all asleep in their tents. It was the second hour of the watch, and the sentinels, marching to and fro, were startled to hear a voice addressing them out of the darkness. They raised their lanterns and perceived a man in the dress of an Epirote captain.

"Friends," he said in a low voice, "I am Anakletus."

"Anakletus!" they exclaimed in surprise, "were you not taken prisoner with Antigonus in the last battle?"

"Hush, hush, speak low! They would have hanged us in the morning, but we have escaped from our gaolers and I have burst my fetters," holding out his arm with the wrist still encircled by an iron band from which hung a piece of broken chain, "but

Antigonus is so borne down by the weight of his shackles that he can run no further, and lies hidden in the brushwood of yonder combe. Come, I pray you, and help me to set him free. He will reward you richly ; and so, no doubt, will Pandrasus when he wakes and you bring his brother to him."

He turned to lead the way out of the leaguer, and the watch, who could not resist the prospect of a rich reward, followed him down the steep path till it skirted a coppice ; they drew back in affright on hearing a rustle among the branches, but too late ! Armed shapes leapt out from behind this leafy screen, dealing each man his death-blow with such rapidity that his cry for help died away in a smothered groan. It was Brut, with a band of chosen men, who had thus decoyed the unhappy sentinels from their posts. Dearly indeed had they paid for their greed of gold.

The coast being clear, the Trojans crept stealthily into the camp, along the rows of sleeping soldiery, till they reached the king's pavilion. Pandrasus started up and stared wildly round on seeing himself encompassed by fierce faces and flashing swords. The steel was already at his throat when a stern voice commanded :

"Nay, let him live, for such a prize is more valuable to us alive than dead. Pinion him, therefore, and do you stay round him as a strong guard." So saying Brut stepped outside the pavilion and blew his horn.

As the signal resounded over the wilderness, armed men, about five thousand in number, sprang from behind the bushes and boulders and came rushing

like ravening wolves upon the tents of the enemy. The shrill blast pierced the thick walls of the castle and woke the famished garrison from their uneasy slumbers. It gave strength to their tottering limbs, and their sufferings were forgotten as they poured out of the gates to join in the attack.

It was a desperate fight that raged in the darkness under the castle walls. Savage yells and screams of agony rent the air as the gleaming knives slashed and stabbed, followed by the reek of hot, spouting blood. The panic-stricken Epirotes tried to flee, but as they stumbled over the slippery boulders, hardly knowing which way to turn, the Trojans headed them off and cut them to pieces. Some were dashed headlong over the crags, others drowned in the torrents, but very few got away alive.

The sun rose upon a scene of hideous butchery, but to the Trojans it seemed a glorious spectacle, since that night's work had gained them their freedom. Some sobbed for joy, others cheered till the hills resounded, and could hardly refrain from hurling taunts at the once insolent Pandrasus when they saw him with bowed head and hands fastened behind him, being escorted by his guard into the castle.

As for Brut, though "in a very tempest of delight" that his plans had succeeded so far beyond his hopes, he restrained his men from rushing off at once into the forest with the grand news of their victory. "Remember, dear friends, the ghosts of the slain; it is our duty to give decent burial to friend and foe alike"; and not until this pious duty was accom-

plished did he give the word of command to march back to camp. They had a rapturous welcome; young and old crowded round their brave young duke, hailing him as their champion, their deliverer sent from heaven. The groves were filled with shouting, laughter and songs of thanksgiving mingled with the weeping of the women whose loved ones had fallen in the fight.

When the rejoicings had subsided, Brut called his chief men to a council at Sparatinum.

"Listen, my dear friends, my brave warriors, let us decide what terms we shall offer to our prisoner, King Pandrasus. Is it your will that I smite off his head? or shall I set him free? Shall we demand land, or ships and treasure?"

They were assembled in the hall of the castle, their duke seated in a marble chair, with Assaracus on his right hand and Turonus on his left. Speaker after speaker arose, advising first one thing and then another, but for the most part they were of opinion that Brut should demand the province of Chaonia as a kingdom for himself and his people. The duke shook his head doubtfully, and turned to a venerable man whose counsel he valued greatly. His name was Mempricius, a man of wisdom and experience and of ready speech.

"Such a kingdom," said the latter, rising to address the council, "would never stand; for the Epirotes on our borders would never dwell peaceably side by side with us, but would always be seeking revenge for the slaughter of their countrymen, and we are too

few in number to wage constant warfare against such odds. It may be that we should fall once more into slavery, which our taskmasters would make ten times harder than before. Far better to escape while we may. There is plenty more land in the world, then why not seek out another kingdom for ourselves, our wives and our little ones? Let us compel Pandrasus to make a treaty with us under penalty of lingering torments, and let us grant him his life and the life of Antigonus on condition that he furnish us with a fleet of ships stored with corn and wine and weapons and all things needful for a voyage."

This proposal met with general approval, and Brut commanded the prisoner to be fetched without delay.

The young conqueror, supporting his arm on the low back of his chair, sat lost in his thoughts that were travelling back to that happy April morning, now more than a twelvemonth gone, when he had met the train of high-born maidens returning from the temple of Artemis, led by the youthful Imogen. That vision of fresh young beauty had remained unfaded in his memory and was glowing now more vividly than ever. As became a prince, he desired a royal bride, and in that fleeting glimpse he had recognized a mate worthy to share the high destiny allotted to him by the gods.

He roused himself at the entrance of the prisoner, who was led into the hall loaded with chains and set upon a high chair in the midst of the assembly.

It was a bitter moment for the haughty Pandrasus, who had never before yielded to any man. He glared around him with a gloomy hatred that concentrated on the face of the Trojan leader, who returned his gaze with serene dignity. He had never before met his enemy face to face, and had scoffed at him for an ignoble adventurer; so it was with some surprise that he beheld the Dardan's princely bearing that compelled him, though reluctantly, to recognize an equal.

The terms of the treaty were read out to him, and Pandrasus groaned in his avaricious spirit at the thought of parting with so much treasure and so many precious ships.

"And for myself," added Brut, "I desire that you give me in marriage your eldest daughter, the beauteous Imogen."

The king remained silent for a long time, but at length broke out into fierce lamentation:

"Alas, what more will you demand? You have taken all my slaves and hold my brother captive, and now you would have my ships, my goods and my dearest daughter. It is impossible for me to bestow her upon a stranger who will carry her away to some unknown land where I shall see her face no more."

He looked wildly round upon his foes, half hoping to see some sign of relenting, but was met by their stern, implacable faces.

"You have heard our petition," they said: "grant it, and we set you free with Antigonus; refuse it, and wild horses shall drag you in pieces."

The unhappy king relapsed into silence. Such a death would be very terrible ; there was also the fate of Antigonus to be considered. At last he spoke :

“It is certain that nothing is dearer to me than life, so I needs must grant all your demands. Yet, in the midst of my sorrow, it affords me some consolation that I give my daughter to no unworthy bridegroom, but to a prince of the royal house of Troy, sprung of Anchises’ line.”

So the treaty was concluded, and Pandrasus sent envoys to all the ports along his coast to collect the requisite number of ships, three hundred and twenty in all. These were put in good repair and newly painted with vermilion for the voyage, then provisioned with all kinds of stores, four of their number being laden with nothing but weapons and implements.

While these preparations were going forward the marriage of Brut with Imogen, the king’s daughter, was celebrated, and at the wedding feast Pandrasus presented each Trojan, according to his degree, with a piece of gold or silver. Many rejoiced at this happy ending of the war, but the bride wept bitterly at leaving her mother’s side, her kinsfolk and household gods.

Then on a day when a favourable wind was blowing, Brut and his Trojans, with their wives and children, all went on board the ships, full of hope and high courage to dare whatever perils might await them. A gentle breeze filled the canvas, the steersmen set their course to the south, and away they sailed over

the purple waters, now so smooth but at times so dark and stormy.

Imogen stood on the high poop of her husband's vessel, straining her eyes towards the fast disappearing shores of Greece that she could still dimly see through a mist of tears. She was being carried away she knew not where, perhaps to perish among tempests or savage tribes, with a husband and companions who had lately been her father's deadliest foes.

Brut, seeing her grief, guessed all that was in her heart. He came up softly beside her and put his arms round her, whispering soothing words as her head sank upon his shoulder ; and so she sobbed and sobbed till at last, weary with weeping, she fell asleep.

4. THE ORACLE OF DIANA.

" Brutus, far to the west, in th' ocean wide
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void ; it fits thy people : thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world and conquer nations bold "

MILTON.

" Et ipsis totius terrae subditus orbis erit "

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH

FOR several days they had a prosperous voyage, favoured by a wind that blew them to the south-west ; but they kept as near as they could along the coasts of Italy and Sicily, seldom venturing out into the open sea, for they were without chart or

compass, and were guided only by the stars. As yet they had but little idea to what country they were bound ; many proposed the land of Gaul, of which they had vaguely heard, but Brut's plan was to land and explore the first territory that seemed to offer a suitable soil and climate.

One day they descried an island in the distance that some of the mariners recognized as Leogecia (or so they called it). It had formerly belonged to the Greeks, they said, who had built a prosperous city there, but it had been laid waste by pirates and was now deserted. As it abounded in game it would be well not to lose this opportunity of getting some fresh meat ; so Brut, seeing a quiet cove, gave the command to anchor, and despatched Turonus with a body of three hundred archers on shore.

They returned in three days' time, loaded with venison ; they reported that the island was deserted, as the mariners had said, and described the ruins of the city that were little more than blocks of stone scattered about in a wilderness of weeds and brushwood. There had been a temple to Artemis, but nothing was left of it except a few broken columns and the statue of the goddess that by some happy chance was still uninjured.

Artemis, or Diana, was a very famous and dreaded deity among the Greeks. She was not only the goddess of hunting and forestry, but of the moon and of the regions under the earth, and in this capacity she was known as the Triple Hecate. She often deigned to give answers to the prayers of her votaries ;

not, like her brother Apollo at Delphi, by the confused ravings of a priestess, but directly, through the lips of her images.

"This seemed to us even such an image," said Turonus, "and it may be that the goddess, if reverently invoked, will vouchsafe to direct our course."

Their duke called a council of his chief men round him, and proposed that he with twelve of their number should go on shore to offer a sacrifice to the goddess and implore her aid. So the next day the little party, with Gerrion their soothsayer, having arrayed themselves in fresh, white garments, landed on the island. They brought with them a milk-white hind that had been caught alive in the woods, and all things necessary for a sacrifice, such as brazen flagons and golden cups ; wine, spices and fragrant gums.

Following the lead of Turonus, they made their way to the ruined temple, and as they went along they gathered sprays of the flowering shrubs that grew in riotous profusion on all sides, and twined them into wreaths for their brows and into long garlands for the neck of the devoted hind.

On reaching the ruins they beheld the statue standing quite clear and whole amid the crumbling masonry and rank vegetation. It was carved in pure white marble, and represented the great queen and huntress as wearing the short kilted garment and sandals of the chase, though her rippling hair was surmounted by a crescent moon.

They collected some of the stones lying around and

built three altars ; to Jupiter, Mercury and Diana ; then kindled the fires and offered up the victim, flinging in spices and wine. When these rites had been accomplished, Brut spread the skin of the hind before the altar of Diana and filled a golden cup with wine and sacrificial blood. Kneeling down, he held the chalice on high and with face upturned towards the image he chanted :

“ Oh, goddess, thou that rulest the green forests and chasest foaming boars, who dwellest in the airy realms of light and in the dim regions of the underworld ! Look down on us, the children of the earth ; direct our course aright, and show us what land thou wilt grant us to dwell in and to establish a lasting kingdom ; there will I build a temple to thine honour where virgin choirs shall sing thy praise perpetually.”

He repeated this invocation nine times, and walked four times round the altar, then poured his libation on the hearthstone. A solemn hush fell upon the little band of worshippers as they waited for some response, but in vain ; the chiselled lips uttered no sound ; the cold, austere beauty of the marble face remained impassive as ever. Surely, they thought, there was a hollow voice resounding through the roofless colonnade ? But no, it was only the rising of the evening breeze.

The light of day was waning, and as it was too late to return to their ships, they all lay down to sleep before their altar fires. Brut made his couch of the deer-skin, which he flung at the base of the statue ; and soon all was hushed in a deep sleep.

It was about the third hour of the night when the prince awoke and raised himself on his elbow in the fragrant stillness. He glanced round at the motionless forms of his companions and at the shimmering whiteness of the broken pillars that rose amid the tangled bushes like tall ghosts in the faint moonlight. His eyes sought the image of the goddess, and a great awe fell upon him, for the beautiful, slender limbs seemed suffused by an inward rosy glow. The wide eyes, once so blank, were now dark, shining orbs that gazed down upon him with a mild effulgence; the flying feet seemed to have only just alighted on the plinth; he could almost hear the rustle of her fluttering scarf and tunic. Her lips moved, and from them issued the majestic, rolling verse in which the gods of Greece were wont to utter their oracles. The following is but an imperfect translation:

“Oh, Brut, towards the setting sun, beyond the land of Gaul, there lies an island in the ocean, where giants dwelt of old, but now deserted. Seek out that land; there shalt thou build a second Troy, and from thy people shall descend a race whose dominions shall extend over the whole world.”

The voice ceased; the breathing, radiant shape grew white and rigid, but ere the light had faded from her eyes Brut had once more fallen into a heavy slumber.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. At first he hardly knew whether he had been dreaming or no, yet he remembered every tone and gesture so clearly that he felt convinced that he had seen a true vision.

“Friends,” he cried, calling his comrades round

him, "it was either Artemis herself who came down from Heaven and stood before me, or yonder stone, carved in her likeness, came to life and spoke with her voice."

He described the wondrous apparition, repeating her words of promise; and as he spoke the hearts of his hearers, that had been very heavy the night before, were filled with joy and relief. Without doubt, said Gerrion the soothsayer, it was the goddess herself who had appeared to their duke in answer to their prayers, and he carefully wrote the oracle word for word in his book, so that it might be handed down from generation to generation.

Anxious to lose no time, they gathered up their sacred vessels and returned to their ships, where they were received with great rejoicing. Now they knew what course to pursue and need no longer wander aimlessly over the ocean. With renewed hope the seafarers spread their sails once more and set their course to the west.

5 CORINEUS, THE GIANT-KILLER.

"We came unto the fields of Lestrygon,
Wherein my brother Corineus was
Arriving on the coasts of Aquitaine

And for your sakes my Turnus there I lost,
Turnus who slew six hundred men-at-arms
All in an hour with his sharp battle-axe."

The Tragedy of Locrine.

BUT the wind still blew them to the south, and for thirty days they were driven out of their course, not

knowing in which direction to steer their ships. At last they neared the shores of Africa, where a fleet of pirates, lying in wait for prey, darted out of harbour and chased them along the coast to the west. But the Trojans turned and attacked their pursuers; a brisk sea fight followed, in which the Trojans boarded many of the enemy's ships, rifled them and fled away with the spoils.

They sailed on, still towards the west, skirting the coasts of Algeria and Morocco, or (as the Romans called it) Mauritania, landing whenever they were in want of water or provisions and having many a fight with the half-naked, barbarous tribes who often tried to drive them off with their darts and stones.

Westward, ever westward they steered their course, trusting to Artemis, their protectress, to guide them on their way, till they sighted the Pillars of Hercules. One sunny day, when the sea was calm and blue as heaven, they were surprised to see in the distance hundreds of beautiful white maidens (or so it seemed) swimming about and disporting themselves on the surface of the waters. It was a pretty sight as they dived and re-appeared, tossing back their long hair, waving their glistening arms or joining hands for a dance. Presently they half rose out of the waves and began to sing; a low, sweet song that gradually grew louder till it swelled into a chorus. The Trojans crowded the decks to listen, enraptured with the melody, and the children clapped their hands with delight; but the sailing-masters bade the oarsmen take their oars and row with all their might.

"Those are not real maidens," they said, "but sea-monsters that sometimes infest these waters. They are half fishes, could you but see them closer, and as fierce as they are monstrous. Do not listen to their song, it is but a lure; they would tear you to pieces and devour you all. Come away."

The mothers caught up their children, but the others stared incredulous. Yet it was only too true; they were sirens, that is, an evil sort of mermaid that pursued unwary mariners and tried to sink their vessels in order to feast on the bodies of the drowned.

Suddenly the singing ceased, as the sirens, seeing the oars flash out, made a rush for the Trojan fleet, uttering angry, gibbering sounds and darting through the waters with such rapidity that they overtook many of the triremes. They swam in shoals round the bows and clambered up the sides, lashing the billows with their great, scaly tails as they tried to drag down the seamen. Some even leapt right out of the waves to make a snatch at the rash youths who were leaning over the decks. All their beauty vanished as they fought and bit, their faces distorted with rage at losing their prey, and their snarling jaws revealing cruel, pointed teeth.

The rowers beat them off with their oars as best they could, but they would have been overpowered had not the bowmen come to their rescue by letting fly a volley of arrows. Piercing shrieks filled the air as the writhing creatures thrashed up heavy showers of spray that almost blinded the rowers; some, still persistent, clung to the rowlocks, but the Trojans got

their hatchets and chopped off their hands. Thus shaking them off, they fled on and on till the screams died away and they were safely through the strait of Gibraltar.

The seafarers found themselves confronted by a vast expanse of grey, heaving waters that seemed to them the very end of the world. Their hearts failed them as the long waves of the Atlantic came rolling towards their frail craft, threatening every moment to overwhelm them ; but their duke, knowing that Gaul lay somewhere to northward, restored their courage ; they would not venture further west, he said, into that unknown ocean, nor lose sight of land. Keeping under the shelter of the peninsula, therefore, they sailed further and further north, often landing to revictual, until they turned into the Bay of Biscay. Still coasting along, they came at last to a quiet haven near the foot of the Pyrenees.

A crowd of people had gathered on the beach and were excitedly watching the approaching fleet. The Trojans saw with surprise that they were very unlike the savage tribes they had hitherto encountered, being of a much nobler race ; in fact, rather resembling themselves, for they were tall and fair-skinned, with flowing, tawny locks ; some even wore the Greek chlamys and tunic.

As Brut and an exploring party rowed to land they found themselves surrounded by an eager throng who welcomed them in the kindly "crooked Greek" dialect.

"Who are you?" they questioned "You should be

Greeks by the build of your ships and the fashion of your clothes."

"We are Trojans from Epirus," answered Brut, "whose fathers were led captive by Pyrrhus; and I am Brut, their leader, a prince of Anchises' line."

These words were greeted with shouts of joy.

"Oh, welcome, for we also are Trojans! Our fathers followed Antenor to Italy, but some, discontented with their leader, wandered away and took refuge on this distant and desolate shore. Here we have dwelt for four generations amid wild beasts, giants and barbarians, wearying always for our native land and kinsfolk."

Here the speakers fell back to make way for a young man who came hurrying down to the beach, towering above his people with shoulders and limbs like those of the youthful Hercules. As he tossed back his yellow-red hair it reminded the beholders of a lion's mane, and his blue eyes, though now sparkling with pleasure, were of the sort that could blaze with anger. Golden torque and armlets gleamed round the column of his throat and huge biceps, and his lofty bearing proclaimed the chieftain.

"I am Corineus," he said, addressing Brut, "sometimes called the Giant-killer, and duke of the Pyrenean Trojans. My father and my father's father ruled here before me." Then, gazing in admiration at the princely stranger, he added: "Welcome, kinsman, son of the goddess-born Aeneas!"

As the two stood facing each other they looked almost equal in height and of about the same age, but

Brut was the darker and slenderer of the two, and his face was more deeply lined with care. Corineus held out both hands, smiling in his genial fashion; Brut clasped them in return, and from that hour began a friendship that was to last till death should part them.

Good cheer and merry-making followed; the Pyrenean Trojans received the newcomers into their homes and entertained them with the best their flocks and fields afforded. When the feast was over, hosts and guests would sit round their fires far into the night and talk of their adventures and of the brave deeds of their ancestors. The seafarers told all about their quest of the promised island, while the landsmen sang the praises of their duke, Corineus, whose fame as a slayer of giants had spread far and wide. All the regions round, they said, had at one time been infested by the Lestrygones (for so they called them), who made great havoc among their cattle, and sometimes even carried off their children; but Corineus, that mighty man in battle, had made short work of these ogres! It was not by strength alone, they declared, but by some extraordinary skill in wrestling, some cunning twist of which he alone knew the secret, for the hugest giants went down before him like mere lads! Why, they had seen him overthrow a score of such like rows of ninepins! Oh, never, never was there such a duke!

But the duke himself, now that he had cleared the country, was feeling very dull, and his joy at the coming of Brut was all the greater because he had

found a friend in whom he could confide all the weariness of his heart.

One day, as he sat with Brut and his two friends, the prince began describing his vision of Artemis in Leogecia.

"Beyond the land of Gaul where giants dwelt of old but now deserted," he declaimed, repeating her words while Corineus listened with kindling yet wistful eyes. It might be that Brut and his comrades would find some few of that Lestrygonian brood still surviving to become victims of their bows and spears, but for himself there could be no more such sport, since he had killed off all the giants hereabouts. The friends smiled, interpreting his looks.

"Then why not come with us?" urged Assaracus, "and lend us the help of your strong arm. We shall have to face many dangers, though perhaps not giants."

"And when I am secure in my kingdom," added Brut, "you shall choose whatever province pleases you the best, and I will grant it to you as a dukedom for yourself and your followers."

Corineus found it hard to resist the prospect of so many brave adventures and such gallant comradeship.

"We three are sworn brothers," said Brut with an affectionate glance towards Turonus and Assaracus; "come and be one of us." So they all swore eternal friendship and brotherhood, and Corineus, when he found that his people were ready to follow where he led, consented to join in their quest.

When the spring came round again, the two fleets

sailed out of the harbour. The Pyrenean Trojans agreed to call themselves Corineus' men in order to distinguish them from Brut's men, but as these names were afterwards altered by the Saxons to "Cornish" men and "Bruttish," we will call them so henceforward.

After stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay they cast anchor in the estuary of the Loire, and Brut ordered a seven days' rest on shore while the ships underwent repairs.

The land that lay to the south was covered with forest, so Corineus proposed a hunting expedition in search of fresh provisions. He chose out two hundred of his Cornishmen, and for three days they ranged the woods, killing vast quantities of game. They were loading up, for it was high time they returned to camp, when they perceived a party of men, stained with blue war-paint and carrying bows and arrows, advancing towards them through a clearing. One of their number, striding ahead, addressed Corineus with a haughty mien.

"Who gave you leave," he said, "to range these woods and to kill the king's deer?"

The Cornishmen stared in amazement at the parti-coloured band, and Corineus, flinging back his yellow locks, answered contemptuously:

"As to that, there was no need to ask any man for leave. Pray, who are you? And what concern is it of yours?"

"My name is Imbert," answered the leader, "and we are sent by our king, Goffarius, who owns all this country, to warn you to depart and," glancing at

the furred and feathered piles, "to leave all your booty behind you."

Corineus' eyes flashed blue fire at these words, but, disdaining to make any reply, he went on felling a sapling whose trunk was to sustain the weight of a fine fat buck. This cool insolence was more than the proud Imbert could endure, and he sent an arrow whizzing through the air.

"Ha!" roared Corineus in a voice like a clap of thunder, as he caught up his own bow, but was too blind with fury to take aim. Grasping it like a club he rushed forward and dealt the rash Imbert such a crack on the skull that the unhappy man fell down dead. He then turned to vent his rage on the rest of the troop, but the Painted Men, seized with terror, took to their heels and fled away through the trees. The Cornishmen laughed with glee to see them run, and returned to camp laden with their spoils.

They related this encounter as though it had been the finest sport of all, but Brut, the wary leader, looked very grave, fearing lest King Goffarius would seek to avenge the death of his messenger. He at once ordered the women and children back to the ships, and bade every man look to his weapons.

King Goffarius ruled over that part of Gaul which the Romans afterwards called Pictavia and which is now Poitou. He was rich and powerful, but he hated strangers, and had been much enraged on hearing of this unknown people who had risen, as it were, out of the sea and landed on his coast without "by your leave" or warning. But his wrath was terrible when

his men returned with tidings of the doleful fate of his steward Imbert. Furious to avenge, he and his Pictavians leapt to arms, and the next night, twelve battalions strong, they marched to attack the Trojan camp, hoping to take them unawares.

But the Trojans were very wide awake, and at daybreak they sallied forth in full battle array. Bruttish and Cornish alike flung themselves upon their foes with an impetuous charge that for a while carried all before it; but Goffarius had three times as many men as Brut, and though the Trojans fought—well, like Trojans—they saw with surprise that the despised barbarians were gaining the day.

Then Corineus, burning all over with shame that his own proud countrymen should yield, even before overwhelming odds, gathered up his Cornishmen for a desperate charge. His mighty sword blade had broken in his hand: "Woe worth the smith that forged thee!" he cried, dashing it away, and caught up a battle-axe that by good luck was lying on the field. Swinging it rapidly round his head, he plunged into the thickest of the fray, and laid about him with such furious shouts and blows that Brut and his company paused in amazement from their place in the battle, for he hardly seemed like mortal man.

At last the Painted Men showed signs of giving way before this terrific onslaught.

"Cowards, base wretches!" snorted the valiant champion, "stand your ground and fight with Corineus! What, do so many flee before my single arm? And well you may, for this arm it was that

drove the Pyrenean giants in flight before me, or hurled them to hell by twos and threes together."

The Pictavians tried to rally under one of their chiefs, named Subardus, but the terrible giant-killer cut him down from the helmet to the waist at one stroke; then, turning to right and left, he slashed off heads, arms and legs with such incredible swiftness that no one could aim a blow at him in return. He was so carried away by the joy of slaughter that he dashed on headlong, far in advance of his Cornishmen, never noticing that he was surrounded by the enemy. He was within an ace of being overpowered by force of numbers had not Brut, "glowing all over with love of the man," rushed to his rescue.

The battle did not continue long after this; the Pictavians broke their ranks and fled, King Goffarius barely escaping with his life.

Corineus stood panting and exhausted on the field, surrounded by the heaps of slain. His arms were smeared, his long locks drenched with gore, and he was bleeding from many a wound which he hardly seemed to feel as he gazed with scorn at the retreating rabble. Then his glance fell with pride on the battle-axe, hanging limply from his red, right hand, which had done him such good service.

"Never," he vowed, "while I have life will I part with this gisarm, but will keep it for ever in memory of this glorious fight and bequeath it to my children's children."

After this victory the Trojans, eager for spoils, persuaded their duke to march further inland, and

he pitched his tents near the present city of Tours, where another memorable battle was fought. But it was a dearly bought triumph, for his beloved Turonus was among the slain, the most valiant of his captains after Corineus. He fell early in the day, and Brut, full of grief, caused his body to be buried with royal honours and funeral games. He raised a monument to his memory, "a very noble pyramid," and, according to the chronicler, the city of Tours derives its name from this hero.

"My friends," said the duke, addressing his followers after the rites were over, "my heart is sore for the loss of my brave Trojans. What avails it to gain glorious victories or rich spoils, when my men daily decrease in numbers, leaving none to take their place? Neither glory nor treasure can compensate, while our vain pursuit of them has made us forget the command of the goddess. Let us return to our ships and continue our quest of the promised land."

Bruttish and Cornish all gladly assented, and when the winter was over they spread their sails once more. Putting into various ports along the coast they learned from the inhabitants that the north of Gaul was bounded by a narrow sea beyond which, on clear days, land could be descried stretching from east to west. It was said to be the island of Albion, so named after a son of Neptune who in dim ages past had dwelt there with his giant progeny, cut off from the rest of the world.

Favoured by prosperous gales, they reached the narrow sea and sailed across it. Thousands of hearts

beat high with hope and joy when, in the haze of a summer dawn, land was sighted. Nearer they sailed, and the wanderers, crowding the decks, perceived that they were approaching a verdant shore. Oh, surely, this was the promised land and the end of their weary voyage ! Nor were their hopes deceived ; it was Albion, " the best of all islands."

6 THE TROJANS LAND IN BRITAIN.

" Britain . . . decked like unto a man's chosen
bride with divers jewels, with lucid fountains and
abundant brooks, where flowers of various colours,
trodden by the foot of man, give it the appearance
of a lovely picture "

Gildas the Wise

" She is not any common earth
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye
Where you and I will fare."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE Trojan fleet cast anchor in a quiet haven formed by the mouth of a river which they afterwards called the Dart.

It was a lovely scene that met their view, enough to rejoice the hearts of travellers far less toil-worn than they. On either side the shining stream stretched a soft, serene landscape, with glimpses of sunny glades amid groves of sturdy trees. Though often so grey and gloomy, this Britain of ours, when she wears her summer garments of living green, is one of the most beautiful countries in all the world ; and no doubt she was just as fair three thousand years ago, with her

wild, primeval forests. On that June morning she was in her brightest mood, and to the Trojans, sick for home, she seemed like a kindly mother smiling a welcome.

They were all eager to press the soil, but Brut forbade any of them to disembark until he himself, with a chosen band, had first sailed up the river to reconnoitre. The sailors were lowering the boat when suddenly a loud roar rent the air. All eyes were turned in the direction of the sound, and they beheld a sight to make the stoutest heart quail. Huge, unwieldy shapes clad in skins, yet bearing some resemblance to human beings, came rushing out of an adjacent thicket and gathered on the strand, brandishing clubs and howling uncouth noises as if defying the invaders to approach any nearer. The Trojans stood staring in amazement. Why, these must be the giant descendants of Albion ! They were not all dead, then ? Corineus laughed aloud for joy, for this was just what he had been hoping and longing for.

Suddenly the monsters, ceasing their savage gestures, plunged into the sea and waded towards the boat ; but the foolish creatures could not swim, and the water was up to their chins before they had got half way. Brut ordered the archers to discharge a shower of arrows, and the wounded bellowed dismally at the strange, unusual pain. Those that were unhurt joined in the chorus as they splashed about in the crimsoned waves ; then they all scrambled back to the beach, and disappeared into the forest.

Consternation fell upon all the fleet. The goddess

had promised them a land that was deserted, yet what reliance could they place on her promises since some of the giants still survived? But Corineus revived their drooping spirits.

"Let me and my Cornishmen," he cried at the council which their duke held on board his own vessel, "range over the land, and we will report upon the strength and numbers of this monstrous breed." Brut, smiling, granted him this adventure; in the meantime he himself, with a band of his own men, would explore up the river.

They launched their boat upon the tide that was flowing in, and carefully steered their course up the winding, eddying current bordered by great heaps of matted sea-weed and high screens of impenetrable greenery, through which they heard the scuffle of beast and bird, or caught a glimpse of shy, startled eyes. The soft blue sky was veiled only by a silvery mist, and the air was full of the joyous sounds and smells of early summer; sea-birds wheeled over their heads, salmon flashed under their bows. As they rowed on, a wild, uncultivated country lay on either side; dense forests, high rocks and marshy banks, but no trace of the civilizing hand of man.

When they had got about twelve miles up stream they came to a steep, rocky ledge beyond which they perceived an open plain. Here they moored their boat, and Brut clambered up the rugged side, followed by his men. On reaching the top they gazed all around them, and their keen, long-sighted eyes, undimmed by poring over books, could sweep the country for

miles. There was a large block of stone lying near, and their duke, setting his foot on it, took possession of the island.

"Henceforth," he said, "it shall no longer bear the name of Albion, but shall be called the Land of Brut, or Bruttayne."

In the town of Totnes, which stands on this site, a mass of rock is to be seen, the very same (so they say) as that pressed by the foot of this first king of Britain. He is also said to have exclaimed :

"Here I stand and here I rest,
And this town shall be called Totnes";

but as Brut spoke a language known as "crooked Greek" this doggerel rhyme cannot be laid to his charge.

On their return to the fleet the order was given for a general disembarkation, and with great rejoicing the Trojans landed in their new country with their wives and little ones. Though their hearts must always cherish the memory of Troy, their Britain should be dearer still, and their children should be Britons, not Trojans.

Brut, now that he had found his island, assumed the title of King, and proclaimed a high festival in thanksgiving to the gods, and to Artemis in especial, for having brought them thus safely to the end of their voyage. The Britons arrayed themselves in gay, festal garments, with wreaths of flowers round their necks and brows, and assembled at Totnes on the appointed day.

Sacrifices were burning on the altar and a hymn of

praise rose to Heaven with the fragrant smoke. Louder and louder the strains resounded, and the singers, enraptured by their music, never noticed the great shaggy forms that came creeping stealthily along. The sweet sounds had aroused the giants from their swinish sleep in a neighbouring cavern, sounds such as they had never heard before and which, they made sure, could only proceed from the senders of those swift and terrible arrows; so with savage cunning they had sallied forth, twenty in number, led by their chief, Goemagot, or Gogmagog. He was a detestable monster standing about twelve cubits high,¹ and in his hand he wielded, as easily as if it had been a hazel wand, a young oak-tree that he had plucked up by the roots.

The hideous creatures crept on till they were within a short distance of the white-robed worshippers; then suddenly they charged down upon them, uttering strange, inarticulate cries, and swinging their clubs on high. The Britons were quite unarmed, and before they could make any resistance their assailants had dashed out the brains of Gerrion the high priest and of many others standing by the altar. The fighting men rushed off to fetch their bows, and at the sight of these dread weapons the giants turned and ran, headed by Goemagot who lived, as we shall see, to fight another day.

This was a sad beginning. Loud and bitter were the wailings of those who buried their dead, or succoured the wounded that strewed the ground, lately

¹ Or so it seemed to the affrighted eyes of the beholders.

the scene of such a happy gathering. Had Artemis, in cruel mockery, brought them thus far only to destroy them, even while their thank-offerings were smoking on her altar ?

They grew more and more downhearted with the changes of season. The summer was over and autumn came on, wet and chill, with leaden, grey skies. The days grew darker and darker ; cold winds blew through the leafless branches, and the ground was sodden with constant rain. Why, oh why had they not sought a home on some pleasant Mediterranean shore where the sun shone and the trees were always green ? Why had they, beguiled by false promises, wandered to these inclement regions of the North ? Thus they lamented, till the return of Corineus and his Cornishmen, brimful of their adventures, put fresh heart and hope into the colony.

“ Courage, comrades ! ” cried the doughty duke, “ the giants are but few in number ! Though they are of marvellous bigness and of strength beyond all telling, they are cowardly and thick-witted. Courage, faint-hearts ! Why so despondent ? We shall soon rid the country of these pests.”

Other exploring parties that the king had sent north, south, east and west, returned about this time and cheered up the colony still further by their reports of the wealth and size of the island. The rivers, they said, were full of fish and the forests of game ; the soil was fertile and many metals lay beneath the surface. They must also have found (though the

chronicler does not say so) that the island was inhabited by various wild tribes, chiefly short, dark people who, like the Pictavians, painted themselves blue.

When the survey of the island was finished, Brut divided the land among his followers, and each man was rewarded according to his services. Mindful of his promise, he begged his dear friend Corineus to choose the province that pleased him the best. Since most of the giants seemed to have taken refuge in the caves of Devon and Cornwall, Corineus chose this peninsula and chuckled to think of the fine sport he would have in hunting down these brutish foes.

All now set to work to cultivate their new domains. They felled the trees, ploughed and sowed, and built houses, so that by the time summer came round again, crops were ripening and villages rose in the forest clearings. Those wild tribes that could not be forced to drudge for the new owners of the soil were sent flying into the mountains of the North and West, and in the space of a few years the country was so prosperous "that ye might have thought it had been inhabited from time immemorial."

7. GOEMAGOT, THE GIANT.

"The western Hagh besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered "

SPENSER.

CORINEUS took up his abode in his new dukedom, which he called Corinea after himself, though later

on it became known as Cornwall. There he dwelt among his own people, and ruled over them like a king, except that he owned Brut as his superior lord. One of his first tasks was to hunt down the giants.

These fierce but stupid people, terrified by the Trojans' skill in shooting, had retired into their caves, and seldom went abroad in the daytime; but at nightfall or early dawn they would steal out in search of food. Seeing it was no use trying to fight them in the open like the Lestrygones, Corineus caused snares to be laid for them by digging deep pits which were lightly covered with branches and loose soil. The hunters would hide behind trees and rocks, and wait hour after hour for their prey, straining both eyes and ears, and hardly daring to breathe. They felt their patience amply rewarded when a heavy, lumbering tread was heard, and an elephantine form hove into the dim light. Crash! There was a rending sound of broken branches; then a deep thud followed by a stifled roar announcing that the unwary mammoth had floundered into the pitfall. There he stuck fast, and it was in vain for him to struggle and to try and hoist himself out, for the walls of his prison were as steep as a well and reached above his head. Then the watchers would run up swiftly and despatch him with their axes and clubs. In this way they sometimes trapped two or three giants in one night, and in a few months they had nearly exterminated them.

But Goemagot, the biggest of them all, was still

roaming at large, and Corineus began to fear lest the cunning Albion had outwitted him and escaped to some other part of the country. The honest duke fumed and raged, for he would rather have taken Goemagot than ten ordinary giants; but he could ill spare the time for further hunting, so he and his Cornishmen went on with the pressing work of clearing the forests.

Early one morning, as he was leaving the camp with his woodmen, he was greeted with a loud roar issuing from a coppice where a trap had been laid overnight.

"A giant!" exclaimed Corineus with delight; "no lion could roar so loud." And he rushed off, his men at his heels, to see what big game had been ensnared.

A giant it was, sure enough. From among the broken boughs strewn around the pit, emerged a huge horrible face surmounted by a matted thatch of hair. It could only belong to Goemagot, for the other giants, being shorter, fell right in. It was a fearful sight to behold that empurpled countenance, with its bulging eyeballs and long yellow tusks projecting from jaws that opened like a cavern to gibber furious guttural noises.

Corineus approached to get a nearer view of the captive, and stood fascinated by his size and savage aspect. Never before had he seen a creature so tremendous. The Lestrygones were dwarfs in comparison, and he found himself wondering if his own unrivalled dexterity would avail against the sheer

brute force of such an opponent. The woodmen, with their axes, were waiting for the word of command to strike, but he was loth to kill such a prize. He ordered them instead to fetch some ropes and haul him out. It was a difficult job, and it took a dozen stout Cornishmen to overpower the desperate struggles of their gigantic quarry and to bind him fast.

It happened that King Brut was encamped at no great distance off, so Corineus sent word to him saying: "What shall be done with Goemagot, chief of the Albion giants, whom I have taken prisoner?"

"Let him be kept alive," came back the prompt reply, "for I am minded to see a wrestling match or a single combat between you both." For Brut lived in perpetual admiration of the prowess of his friend Corineus, and loved nothing better than to watch a display of it at his leisure. Corineus consented, overjoyed at the prospect of such an encounter.

A convenient spot was chosen—a level ground on a cliff overlooking the sea near Plymouth, afterwards called the Hoe; and the prisoner was conveyed thither by an escort of armed men. On the appointed day Britons and Cornishmen took their places in a semi-circle, their king in the midst. Corineus, girt for the fight, stood in the arena thus formed, and Goemagot was led in by his guards.

They presented a striking contrast. Corineus, the well-poised athlete, powerfully yet so gracefully built, seemed almost slender when compared with

the ill-shapen bulk of the Albion, whose brutal, sullen face was overshadowed by his shock of hair. A pair of bloodshot eyes glared with the fury of a wild beast from under his bristling eyebrows; yet the spectators could not repress a feeling of admiration as they surveyed his mighty proportions. It was evident that the skill and training of the one were well-matched by the size and strength of the other. They promised themselves grand sport, and cheered to the echo.

Corineus stepped forward lightly to meet his adversary, and, flinging aside his weapons, challenged him to a bout of wrestling. The giant answered with a vicious snarl, and no sooner were his shackles unloosed than he rushed forward, eager to vent his rage on his hated foe, and thinking to demolish him with one blow of his formidable fist. The champion deftly avoided the stroke, seized his antagonist round the waist and closed with him. Backwards and forwards they wrestled, hugging each other like two bears till they grew, first scarlet and then black in the face. Corineus was hard pressed, but he uttered no sound except to gasp for breath. The onlookers, almost as breathless, could hear him panting heavily, while the giant was snorting and blowing like a mad bull, "so that the very air did quake." His shaggy arms were round the Trojan's waist in a deadly embrace; tighter and tighter he gripped him; there was a crack, a scrunching of bones, and the blood poured from Corineus' mouth; three of his ribs were broken, two on the right side and one on the left.

Yet he sprang up nimbly, as the enemy, exhausted by this effort, relaxed his hold. Fury made him insensible to pain, nor did he forget his cunning sleights as he caught the giant by the girdle, and, with that skilful twist of which he alone knew the secret, broke his backbone. With a deep groan Goemagot stumbled forward and would have fallen, crushing Corineus by his weight, had not the latter caught him on his outstretched hands, then swiftly turning, heaved the now helpless mass upon his shoulders. Unheeding the ringing cheers that burst from the crowd, he gathered up his strength for a last despairing effort.

The sea was at high tide and the waves could be heard dashing against the rocks below. The champion paused: then, dragging the body after him, staggered to the edge of the cliff, where he let it fall and pushed it right over the side. With a howl and a crash like thunder Goemagot rolled down the craggy slope, tearing his flesh on the jagged points of the rocks till he reached the sea and disappeared into its depths, reddening the waters with his blood.

Such was the end of this famous bout of wrestling that for many, many generations both Cornishmen and Britons loved to relate to their children and to their children's children. They pointed out with pride the steps, long carefully preserved, where the hero's feet had trod, and the cliff over which the giant had fallen; they called it Lam Goemagot, or Gogmagog's Leap.

8 THE FOUNDING OF LONDON

" Oh city founded by Dardanian hands !
Whose towering front the circling realm commands "

MILTON

SEEING his people so peaceably occupied in cultivating their lands, King Brut turned to the planning of his chief city, that second Troy which Artemis had commanded him to build. He travelled over the length and breadth of the island in search of a suitable site, and considered many a hillside, river-bank and harbour, but none of them seemed quite favourable for the city that he hoped would one day be the centre of the world.

Then he walked along the meandering course of the Thames, from its Seven Springs to the dreary swamps through which it flowed into the sea. As he surveyed that noble waterway, he heeded neither swamp nor steaming forest ; he saw only a mighty arm that his Britain should stretch forth to take in traffic from overseas, brought by her fleets from every quarter of the globe. Here, then, he would found his lasting seat, fronting the ocean, where kings of his blood should dwell in wealth and splendour, and rule over lands that girdled the whole earth.

When he had drained the marsh, Brut built a stately castle and surrounded it with walls having many gates and towers ; also, in fulfilment of his vow, he reared a temple to Artemis, or Diana, on the site where the majestic St. Paul's now rises, and high-born maidens were dedicated to her service " to sing

her praise perpetually." Many people resorted to the new burgh to ply their crafts and sell their merchandize within the shelter of its walls; thus the city grew up and the King framed a code of laws for the government of the citizens.

He called his capital Troynovant, or New Troy, after the home of his race, and for a thousand years it bore this name until King Lud changed it to *Caer Lud*, which in the Saxon speech became *Lud Town*, or *London*. This shadowy Troynovant had once a high renown in song and story, and the citizens of London in Plantagenet times were fond of boasting that their city "founded by Dardanian hands" was one of the oldest in the world, older even than Rome.

King Brut and his gentle queen lived in great happiness at Troynovant, and they had three tall sons, *Lochrine*, *Camber*, "the darling of his mother *Imogen*," and *Albanact*. But *Corineus*, the Duke of Cornwall, had only one daughter, *Gwendolen*, whom he dearly loved. "Give your daughter in marriage to my eldest son," said King Brut, "and they two shall reign as King and Queen of Britain." *Corineus* desired no fairer fate for his child, so the prince and princess joined hands and were solemnly betrothed.

When he had reigned for twenty-four years, King Brut fell very ill, and as he lay dying he called his three sons to his bedside and divided his dominions between them. To *Lochrine*, his eldest born, he left *Loegria* (as the Welsh still call England); to *Camber* all the land beyond the Severn, or Wales, which that

prince called Cambria after himself ; and to Albanact all the north of the island, or Albany, afterwards Scotland. But Locrine was to be overlord of the whole island.

Then, worn out by cares of State, this father of his people expired in the arms of his beloved Imogen, and was buried in his city of Troynovant, deeply mourned by his Britons and by his more than brothers, Assaracus and Corineus.

II

THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE.

“ There dwells a gentle nymph not far from here,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream ;
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine
That had the sceptre from his father Brut.”

MILTON : *Comus*.

B.C. KING LOCRINE sat in the hall of his castle,
1056. leaning on his elbow in his carved oaken chair, one hand supporting his beardless chin while the other idly caressed the great mastiff that pressed its head against his knee. His level brows were contracted into a frown as he listened moodily to the speeches of his nobles who rose one after another from their places at the council board.

More than a year had gone by since the death of Brut had made Locrine king of Loegria and overlord of Britain, but as yet he had set no queen on the throne beside him, though in his youth he had been contracted to Gwendolen, the only child of the Duke of Cornwall.

The Giant-killer was growing feeble, more worn out by his tempestuous life than by age, but he could still be very terrible, and his messengers, angrily demanding the reason of this delay, were waiting to take back a reply to their master.

"Let our lord the King remember his plighted troth," pleaded some of the councillors. "We cannot break faith with Duke Corineus lest he and his Cornishmen avenge the insult with fire and sword ; and we are yet too young a nation to plunge lightly into civil war."

Still Locrine made no answer, but the furrow between his brows deepened and a sigh rose to his lips.

"If report speaks true," said another, "the maiden is in every way worthy to mate with the King of Britain, being a true daughter of Corineus "

Locrine sighed once more as he thought of that high-mettled young amazon with her flying mane of tawny hair. He loved sweetness and gentleness in woman ; but Gwendolen was harsh-featured, loud of tongue and of a violent temper. She could tame the fieriest horse, and often rode at her father's side in forays against the native tribes. Such warlike qualities might be well enough for a chieftainess of the Cornish folk, but he would fain see his queen sitting among her damsels, occupied with weaving and embroidery or other gracious arts such as his mother Imogen had brought with her from her home in far-off Epirus. He was thinking, as he absently pulled the great dog's ears, of that time when, as a lad, he had gone with his father into Cornwall ; how one day when he was hunting with his betrothed, she had plunged her knife into the throat of a quivering deer and laughed with glee to see the blood spouting forth. He shuddered at the remembrance and almost

wished he had been born a mere, common man that he might take a wife of his own choosing.

An impatient murmur ran round the table and some of the older men, comrades of Brut who had followed him from Epirus, growled into their beards. They loved their young king for his father's sake ; he had the same noble height and gallant bearing, and had already proved himself valiant in battle and wise in council ; yet they feared his nature, lest with his mother's Greek beauty he had inherited something of a softer strain.

The angry sounds roused the young man from his reverie ; he half rose to speak but paused as a scuffling was heard at the outer door, mingled with the clang of metal and the stern voices of the guard, as though someone were trying to force an entrance. Instantly the hand of every warrior sought his blade as they started to their feet.

The great doors swung open, and a solitary figure, tattered, bloodstained, and splashed with mud from head to foot, staggered into the hall. Glancing wildly round, the intruder perceived the King and fell at his feet in the last stage of exhaustion.

He was a runner who had come all the way from distant Albany, and alone of all his companions had survived the perils of the journey, for as yet there were no bridges or paved roads, and the country was infested with wolves.

At length the prostrate man raised himself and, clasping the King's knees, panted out his message. It was from the chiefs of Albany, imploring King

Locrine to come to the help of their unhappy country ; for Humber, the pirate-king, had descended upon their coasts, pillaging far and wide ; and Albanact, their brave young king, had been slain in a skirmish with the marauders.

Locrine burst into a passion of grief on hearing these words and, raising his arms to heaven, called upon the gods to witness that he would take vengeance on his brother's murderer.

" Lieges mine ! " he cried, turning to his councillors, " Call up your followers and let us march without loss of time to chastise these infamous sea-robbers and rescue the people of Albany."

They replied with a shout, and all other questions of State were forgotten.

This Humber was a Scythian chief, the terror of the Northern seas. With a fleet of ships manned by desperate outlaws he ravaged the coasts of Germany and Scandinavia, capturing youths and maidens whom he sold as slaves in distant lands, and in this way he had accumulated immense riches. Cruising one day in the North Sea he had been surprised to see the well-tilled fields and villages of Albany, once so bleak and barren, and had swooped down upon the inhabitants, driving off their herds of cattle and snatching children from their mothers' arms. Having slain King Albanact, who had sallied forth in defence of his people, he sailed away to the South in search of richer spoils in Loegna. He and his pirates were reaping the harvest of some cornfields in the province, afterwards called Yorkshire, when the avenging

army came upon them. They had anchored their ships in the broad estuary, and were so intent on their plunder that they never noticed how far inland they had got. Locrine and his brother Camber, who had marched in hot haste from his western kingdom, watched them from the hillside, and were almost beside themselves with rage.

"Slay, slay, slay!" cried Locrine, as he and his men charged down with such fury that the Scythians fled in a panic, hoping to regain their ships, and the Britons chased after them for miles.

Locrine was in his chariot drawn by four swift horses, but the ground was heavy and his wheels stuck fast in the mire, while Humber, far ahead, was speeding away in the direction of the river.

"Shall the miscreant escape me?" shouted the King, springing from his chariot and flying after him like the wind. The pirate was a fleet runner, but Locrine was so light-footed that he seemed shod with wings, and the distance between them rapidly lessened. On, on they dashed, leaping over rivulets, plunging through thickets. The Scythian felt as if his heart would burst within him; yet he still raced on, with eyes starting out of his head and long locks streaming in the wind. Once he stumbled and fell over a sharp, projecting rock, but he was up again and away, though he could hear the panting of the avenger hot upon his heels.

At last he came in sight of the tall masts, and making a final spurt he gained the river bank, just as a hand close behind him clutched him by the hair. Wrench-

ing himself free, he leapt into the flood and struck out to swim towards his ships that were anchored about a hundred yards away, down-stream; but the tide was high and the waters closed over him. Locrine, standing on the shore, waited to see him rise to the surface so that he might jump in and grapple with him; but he waited in vain; Humber never reappeared. Too faint to struggle against the inrush of the waves, he sank to the bottom and was drowned.

Locrine laughed in triumph, then took his horn and blew a loud and jubilant blast.

"Britons!" he said, addressing his troops when they had all assembled round him, "the pirate-king is drowned and Albanact avenged; therefore to keep in memory the victory we have gained this day, I proclaim that this river mouth shall bear the name of *Humber* henceforth and evermore."

And as he decreed, so it came to pass.

Locrine gave the word of command to board the Scythian ships which had been left in the charge of only a few seamen. The unhappy captives, crowding the decks, had rejoiced to see the detested Humber perish; but they now began to fear lest a worse fate had befallen them when they saw the fierce islanders, blade in teeth, clambering up the sides of the vessels and cutting down the shipmen.

The Britons ransacked the holds and found them all crammed with costly merchandize and bags of gold and silver. It was a splendid booty, and they brought it all on shore together with the trembling captives.

The two kings who were encamped on the strand, distributed these spoils equally among their followers, keeping, however, the gold for themselves. They were in their tent dividing this treasure when some men-at-arms entered, leading in three more captives whom they had found crouching in terror in a dark, remote corner of Humber's own ship, and had dragged them out of their hiding place in great triumph as the fairest prize of all.

They were three ladies, young and beautiful, who appeared to be chiefs' daughters by their rich attire which, though torn and soiled, was of silken stuff fastened with golden clasps studded with jewels. There was one whose features were half hidden by the dishevelled masses of her yellow hair that hung over her shoulders like a sheaf of ripe corn, but it fell back as she raised her head, revealing a face of surpassing loveliness, with the tender bloom of a wild rose. She was Estrildis, the daughter of a Cimbrian chief, and one day, as she and her companions were playing in a meadow, the ruthless Humber, sailing up the river Elbe in search of prey, had pounced down on them and carried them off to his brigantine, in spite of their cries and tears.

Locrine stood spellbound as the shrinking prisoners were brought before him, their white arms bruised by the rough cords with which their captors had fastened them together. A wave of tender pity surged up in the heart of the youthful warrior, to see three noble ladies in such an evil plight, and he commanded their fetters to be instantly unbound.

They fell upon their knees, and Estrildis, with piteous gestures, besought the conqueror to send her back in safety with her companions to her father's house. Though he did not understand her language, her large blue eyes, full of tears, were more eloquent than words.

"Noble ladies," he replied gently, "no harm shall happen to you here. Fear nothing, for you shall be treated with all the honour due to your high birth." But he raised Estrildis in his arms, and turning to Camber, he said :

"My brother, take thou all the treasure of gold and silver, so this one peerless maid fall to my share."

Camber assented, well content with this division of the spoil.

"Let my lord the King beware lest he become his captive's captive," he answered with a smile.

The brothers parted, the younger to return to Cambria ; and Locrine, having manned the Scythian ships with his own followers, set sail in triumph from the estuary, bound for Troynovant. A fair wind sped them on their voyage, and Estrildis thought no more of her distant home, for every day the young king loved her more and more. Every day, too, the thought of marrying Gwendolen became more and more hateful to him ; his father's dying wish, his plighted troth, his people's welfare were all forgotten ; this unknown lady from the sea should be his bride and queen !

On arriving at Troynovant he proclaimed a royal feast to celebrate his victory and his wedding with

Estrildis at the same time. Bonfires blazed, tables were spread in castle-hall and courtyard, and even in the streets, so that the poorer folk might rejoice with their king. All was harping and revelry, and Locrine took no heed of the angry looks of his councillors.

"I am so blithe," he cried, clasping Estrildis in his arms, "and such joy is in my heart as there never was in all my life before."

But tidings of these doings reached Cornwall only too quickly, and the fury of old Corineus was terrible to behold. No man should live, he swore, that could offer such an insult to his beloved daughter. Impetuous as of yore, he called up his men and sprang to horse, not forgetting to fasten to his saddle-bow the famous gisarm that had done him such good service on the Pictavian battle-field, and on reaching Troynovant he at once rushed into the presence of the King.

Locrine, seated on a block of stone that was raised upon a platform, was in his courtyard, giving audience to a crowd of suitors, when the tall gaunt figure, covered with mud from hard riding, burst into the assembly. The people started back, aghast to see the old chieftain with his shaggy, grey locks hanging loose upon his shoulders and his eyes blazing with wrath; but heedless of all beholders, he scattered them before him. Some of the King's familiar friends who were standing near, pressed round their master.

"It is the Duke of Cornwall," cried Assaracus, son

of that Assaracus who had been his father's sworn brother and ally. "There is murder in his face! Do you retire into the castle and leave us to deal with him."

"Never," answered Locrine, and remained seated, pale and resolute; nor did he blench as his enemy stood towering over him, brandishing his battle-axe.

"Is this your reward to me, Locrine," he thundered, "for the many wounds I have suffered in your father's service in his wars with strange nations? Do you now disdain my daughter, to mate with a barbarian? From what land does this woman come? What king was her father? What queen her mother? By this arm which slew the sons of Albion and the Pyrenean giants, I will never endure such an affront!"

Locrine made no reply to this torrent of words. Indeed it would have been impossible to do so; for Corineus kept shouting them over and over again, as he whirled his weapon round and round, every turn bringing it nearer to the King's head.

"Never, never can it be that you are the true son of Brut," he raved. "He was my dear friend, my noble lord, and if you were his son you would not do me this shame. What hinders me then from slaying you?"

Still Locrine sat silent, watching him narrowly from under his half-closed eyelids; then, seeing him about to strike, he slipped adroitly aside, and Corineus, blinded with rage, brought down his axe upon the

stone with a deafening clang. The block split and shivered to pieces under the fury of the blow.

Dazed and baulked of his victim, the Giant-killer looked wildly round, then grasped his axe as if to strike again ; but the King's friends flung themselves in front of their master and covered him with their shields.

All was now confusion, and Corineus, threatening war and destruction, rushed from the courtyard. The crowd dispersed, muttering and discontented :

" Why should this strange woman trouble the peace of the kingdom ? " they asked each other. " She has bewitched our King ! Away with her and burn her for a witch ! " While the nobles besought Locrine to appease the wrath of the Duke of Cornwall by sending Estrildis and her maidens back to her father's house.

Locrine re-entered the castle, sick at heart. He could not be false to the charge his father had laid upon him, yet how gladly would he have renounced his kingdom for the sake of his beloved and counted it well lost for such a prize.

Estrildis, too, wept bitterly at the thought of going away ; not that she wished to be queen but because she loved Locrine with a love that was only equalled by his own.

" I will gladly endure any hardship so that I may remain with thee," she pleaded. Locrine's heart was wrung with grief, and in his perplexity he turned to his friend Assaracus, who was ready in resource and prudent in counsel.

"The Duke of Cornwall is growing old," said this young man; "he cannot live much longer. Keep peace with him during his lifetime, and when he is dead you can do what you will without danger to the State."

"But till then I must part from Estrildis," said Locrine sorrowfully.

"Nay, I will find a way," answered the faithful friend: "leave that to me, and do you, without loss of time, make your peace with the Duke of Cornwall. Who knows, he may be already up in arms!"

Following this advice, Locrine sent for the Duke the next day and addressed him in smooth, fair words, pledging himself to renounce Estrildis and to marry his affianced Gwendolen.

"I will send for her at once," said the old Duke in high good humour, for his temper, though it flared up quickly, was of the sort that burnt out just as soon. He forgot all about his violence of the day before and sent a body of his men-at-arms riding back to Cornwall to fetch his daughter for her wedding. In the meantime one of the Scythian ships lying in the harbour was made ready for a voyage, and as soon as there was a favourable wind, it sailed away with the Cimbrian maidens. The fair face of Estrildis vanished from Troynovant and the fickle people prepared to welcome their new queen.

On the arrival of Gwendolen, her marriage with the King was celebrated with great pomp, and for a time, outwardly at least, all went well. Though he paid her all the honour due to a queen, Locrine never

showed any affection to her, nor to their son, Madan ; and Gwendolen never forgave the slight that had been put upon her. She often taunted her husband with being inferior to the Cornish knights in prowess, and when her son was old enough she sent him away to Cornwall "to be taught manners" in his grandfather's house, that is, to be instructed in the use of weapons and in the art of war.

Now King Brut during his lifetime had made a spacious treasure-chamber with a vaulted roof on the banks of the river Ley, at a place called Duroлитum, a few miles from Troynovant ; it was approached from the outer air by winding underground passages, so intricate as to form a kind of labyrinth, and few knew of its whereabouts. He afterwards converted this grotto into a private temple to Artemis, and often resorted thither to meditate alone and to offer sacrifices to the Goddess. King Locrine also, when weary of Gwendolen's scolding tongue, would steal away from Troynovant to worship at the same shrine ; it was only Assaracus and a few faithful servants who knew that this temple had been transformed into a lady's bower and that the presiding goddess was none other than Estrildis. She had not gone back to Germany with her maidens, but the devoted Assaracus had conveyed her in secret to Duroлитum. He had been entrusted with the task of furnishing this quiet retreat with all things needful for a high-born lady, such as golden cups and platters, wine, wax-candles and fuel. Purple hangings adorned the walls, and doors of

whalebone kept out the cold. Here Estrildis dwelt honourably attended, and hidden away from the eyes of the jealous queen, like Fair Rosamond in her bower at Woodstock in later times. And she was never lonely, for she had a little daughter named Sabren, as sweet as herself, with the same wild-rose loveliness.

When ten years had passed away the old lion Corineus died, and Lochrine could hardly disguise his joy when Gwendolen, with an escort of twelve men-at-arms, set out from Troynovant to attend the funeral rites. The Cornishmen buried their chief with loud lamentations; but no sooner was he safely laid in his grave than Lochrine, released from the fear of his grim father-in-law, sent messengers riding into Cornwall, bidding the Queen remain in that province and govern it for her son Madan: as for himself, he never wished to see her face again.

Then on an appointed day when the nobles were assembled in the great hall, he led forth Estrildis attired in shining robes and blushing like the dawn. He placed her on the throne beside his own, proclaiming her his rightful queen and the little maid Sabren, who stood on his right hand, the heiress of his kingdom.

But no shouts of joy greeted this proclamation. A sullen silence reigned in the hall; the nobles felt that their king had tricked them, and they angrily withdrew with all their followers.

The happiness of Lochrine and Estrildis was of short duration, for the report soon spread like wild-fire

that Gwendolen was leading an army of Cornishmen over her borders, to march upon Troynovant. It was only too true : Gwendolen, in her wrath, was far more terrible than even the Giant-killer had been.

"Shall my son be supplanted, and shall the child of a slave-woman rule in Loegria ? " she stormed, and with wild outcries she called upon the Cornishmen to avenge her wrongs and those of the disinherited Madan. They loved Gwendolen for the sake of their dead duke, and sprang to arms like one man. Gwendolen drove at their head like a true warrior queen, in her red-enamelled chariot, not unlike those in which her forefathers had sallied forth from Troy, and led them into Loegria, ravaging all before her.

Locrine was filled with dismay ; his own people too, were on the verge of rebellion, so that it was with difficulty he got an army together to oppose her. He marched towards Cornwall, taking both Estrildis and Sabren with him.

"I dare not leave thee behind, beloved," he said, "lest the people tear thee in pieces."

On reaching Dorsetshire he hid his dear ones in a cave and advanced to do battle with the Cornishmen on the banks of the river Stour.

Gwendolen's revengeful fury seemed to animate all her troops, as with flying hair she urged her galloping horses and drove them through the ranks of the Britons, scattering them in all directions, except for a faithful few who rallied round their king.

"There he is, the traitor, the perjurer, the coward ! " she shrieked, and, springing from her

chariot, she drew her bow. She had shot many a stag at her father's side and her aim was almost as true as that of Artemis herself. The arrow winged its way straight to the heart of Lochrine, piercing the breastplate. He fell mortally wounded, and as his armour-bearers raised him from the ground, he bade them carry him back to the cave, to die in the arms of Estrildis.

"Flee, flee," he gasped, as he lifted his glazing eyes to the two dear faces bending over him, "this haunt is no longer safe, for the cruel Queen is seeking thee and will show no mercy. Stay not to mourn over my lifeless body, but take the child and flee!"

Estrildis, wrung with anguish, would fain have stayed and died with her husband, but she could not sacrifice little Sabren. Leaving her beloved dead in the charge of the armour-bearers, she took the young girl by the hand and fled with her to another place of concealment in the woods, near the borders of Wales, hoping to get safely across the river and take refuge with King Camber.

But it was in vain for them to hide; search parties were scouring the country round and soon discovered the fugitives. They were dragged forth and led to the camp of Gwendolen that was pitched near the dividing river. It was a piteous sight when the grief-worn Estrildis and Sabren, the slender little maid, were brought before the victorious chieftainess. They stood together with bound hands and dishevelled hair; their feet were bleeding from the sharp flints and their garments torn by the briers, but their sad plight could

rouse no compassion in the breast of their fierce enemy. All her jealousy flared up anew, and she turned "as pale as chalk" with rage on beholding, for the first time, the face of her hated rival, though its beauty was dimmed and the golden head bowed in humiliation. With a wild laugh and eyes glaring like those of a tigress, she cried in scorn :

"Is this bedraggled creature the woman who stole the love of my lord Locrine from me, and would have robbed my son of his inheritance? Away with her and her brat and let them die together by some strange and lingering torment!"

On hearing these dreadful words Estrildis raised her head.

"I care not to live," she said, "yet spare my innocent young daughter. Why should she suffer for her mother? What wrong has she done you?"

Then the hapless Sabren fell on her knees and pleaded, not for their lives but that they might at least die by some merciful death. As she knelt there, so tender and pure, her artless youth softened even the savage heart of Gwendolen. The Queen bent forward and taking the small upturned face by the chin, scanned it with searching glance. But its rose-white beauty only hardened her again, for she feared lest the people might pity the orphan and take her part.

"No," she cried at last, thrusting her aside, "she shall not live to dispute the kingdom with my son

Madan. Away with them both! Yet thus far will I relent; let them drown together in yonder flood."

So Estrildis and Sabren were led away and flung, clasped in each other's arms, into the river that flowed hard by.

But the Queen's craving for revenge was not yet satiated. Remembering how Locrine had named the Humber after his fallen foe, she decreed in bitter jest that the stream should ever afterwards bear the name of Sabren to keep the perfidy of Locrine in perpetual remembrance. It is still called so in the Welsh language, but the Romans latinized it into Sabrina and the Saxons called it the Severn.

But contrary to the cruel Gwendolen's intention, it is the beauty and innocence of little Sabren that the river commemorates. So long as the Britons remained heathen they worshipped the spirits of mountain, forest and river, and they believed that the river-gods, in pity of her youth, caused the ill-fated maiden, as she sank into the rolling flood, to undergo a quick, immortal change, and endowed her with some of their divine powers. So she became the goddess of the Severn, and the Britons venerated her as one of the loveliest and kindest of their deities. She would often, they said, rise up at twilight from her watery home and wander over the fields and meadows, reversing the spells of mischievous elves and goblins. The shepherds used to throw garlands of daffodils, pinks and pansies into her stream while commending their flocks to her care. It was upon her

that the Attendant Spirit called, in the Masque of Comus, to rescue the Lady Alice.

“ Sabrina fair !

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thine amber-dropping hair.
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save ! ”

III

BLADUD, THE AVIATOR

“ Whoso that takes in hand the air to scale
As Bladud here did take on him to fly.
Or Daedal's son, as poets tell the tale,
Young Icarus that flew, they say, so high,
Or else as Simon Magus flew, perdie ;
Though ne'er so well his plumes and wings he deck,
By sea he's drowned, by land he breaks his neck ”
Mirror for Magistrates.

B C. KING HUDIBRAS stood one day directing the
855. work of his masons who were building the
walls of his new city, Mount Paladur. Intent upon
his task, he was startled by the sound of whirring
wings, and on looking up, perceived a great
golden eagle that came swooping down from a
cloud ; it perched upon the half-finished masonry,
uttering hoarse, mournful cries. Master and men
paused in fear and wonder as it began to speak
strange, mystic words. The King sent in haste
for his soothsayers and commanded them to write
down the sayings of the miraculous bird in their
books, for in ancient times any unusual occurrence
in Nature was supposed to refer to human affairs.
Though their meaning was very obscure these writings
were held in high veneration as prophecies : by

some they were thought to foretell a terrible plague ; by others, the death of Hudibras or some great calamity that was to happen to him.

It is true that a great sorrow did befall King Hudibras, for his only son, Bladud, was afflicted with a loathsome skin disease. In ancient times all such diseases were thought to be leprosy, and according to the law all lepers had to be cast out of the community. The King and Queen, fearing to lose their child, kept him carefully secluded, so that no eyes except their own and those of their most trusted servants ever beheld him. Hudibras made first one excuse and then another for not showing him to the people, till at last the suspicions of the nobles were aroused ; they would not be put off any longer, and one day they came clamouring to Mount Paladur.

"The heir !" they shouted. "We will see the heir !" So Hudibras with shame and grief was compelled to send for the young prince. The fierce-eyed warriors gathered round the shrinking child who clung to his father's hand. He was finely shaped and tall, taller, indeed, than most children of his age, but his skin, though otherwise very white, was half covered with unsightly sores and blotches.

"He is a leper ! He is unclean !" cried the angry crowd. "Shall we own such an one as our future king ? Never ! Away with him !"

They had no pity for weakness or disease, and Bladud was thrust out of the city gates to perish in the wilds, for Hudibras, king though he was, was forced to submit to the law. The mother wept at parting

with her son, and as she embraced him for the last time she drew off a ring and slipped it over one of his fingers, so that, if by some happy miracle his life were spared, she might know him again.

The forlorn little prince wandered away from Mount Paladur (now Shaftesbury), feeling very, very lonely and unhappy. The country-folk shrank away at the sight of his disfigured face and limbs and drove him in horror from their doors when he begged for bread, for it was thought only right that he should die of cold and hunger. Yet he did not want to die and took his way towards the dismal marshes of Somersetshire, feeding as best he could on roots and berries. At last he met a peasant driving a herd of pigs and besought his help. The man surveyed him in silence for some moments and his kind heart was filled with pity for the wretched little outcast, though he never guessed it was the King's son.

"Can you drive pigs?" he asked at last, "for I am in great want of a swineherd, and you might do as well as another."

"I daresay," answered Bladud; "I can but try."

"Then help me to drive home these hogs," said the farmer, and seeing the boy's cheerfulness and goodwill, he gladly took him into his service.

So Bladud became a swineherd, and every day he used to drive his charges into the swampy forests to feed on acorns or to wallow in the mire. It was a dreary existence for one so young, and he felt very sad at being shunned in this way by his fellow-creatures, but he was a thoughtful, observant lad,

and when not occupied in herding he loved to study the woodland life around him or to watch the heavens on clear, starry nights. Often, as he gazed after the flocks of wild fowl flying over the fens, he would ask himself this question : "Is there not some art by which man also could travel through the air?"—a problem that has taken many, many hundreds of years to solve.

Soon another misfortune befell the prince ; some of the pigs contracted his foul disease. He was afraid to drive them back to his master, so wandered further and further into the forest till he came to a tract of rich, black mud, caused by the continual bubbling up of springs of hot water. He took up his abode here for a time, as the swine were particularly fond of basking in the warm ooze ; and as the days went by the young herdsman noticed that the infected ones gradually lost their loathly blotches and became as whole and sound as the rest.

" Their cure must surely be due to some marvellous healing property of these springs," he reasoned, " and if so, what is good for beasts may be good for man also."

So he flung aside his clothes and plunged into the morass. Henceforward he took a mud bath every day and his disfiguring eruptions began to heal. He saw with gladness how his strong, young limbs grew smooth and glowing with health ; and one day, gazing at his reflection in a brook, the clear water showed him that he was now a comely stripling with a fresh, rosy complexion though tanned by sun and

wind. The Greek youth Narcissus never surveyed his own image with more delight

"The gods be praised!" he cried at last. "I need no longer be an outcast. I will return to my father's house and rejoice the heart of my mother." So he drove his herd back to the farm and said farewell to his master, whose kindness he vowed he would never forget.

Some days later the good folks of Mount Paladur were astonished to see a handsome youth, wildly clad in the skins of deer and wolf, striding through the gates of the city. With a free and fearless step he made his way to the castle, where the warder was afraid to forbid his entrance, for he perceived that this was no peasant for all his rough attire and tangled locks.

"I am the King's eldest son," announced the stranger, to the amazement of all the knights and serving-men in the courtyard, for no one recognized in the ruddy face and vigorous frame the sickly child who had been turned adrift a few years earlier.

But Bladud, never heeding their looks of astonishment, took his way to the well-remembered chamber where the Queen sat spinning among her women.

"Mother," he said, gravely smiling as he held out his hand to her and showed the ring she had once given him. She stared and started as though she saw a ghost, then flung herself into his arms, laughing and crying while his tears of joy rained upon her face.

At last she raised her head and held him a little

away from her to gaze with wonder at his height and beauty.

"Yet I should have known thee without any ring or token, changed though thou art," she declared, and led him to the King.

But Hudibras at first shook his head doubtfully.

"Who knows but this is some base-born traitor who has slain our son and stolen his ring?" he said. Yet as the boy stood beside his mother the resemblance between them was so strong that he needed no other proof; this was indeed their son given back to them, not only without blemish but taller and fairer than all other youths of his age.

So with great rejoicings Bladud was restored to his home and kinsfolk; and the same nobles who had once cast him out, now hailed him with gladness as the heir of the kingdom, for they could desire no handsomer king to lead them in battle. But as the years went by Bladud grew weary of the life of a prince and took no pleasure in the sports and warlike exercises of his companions. He was of a serious, thoughtful disposition, owing perhaps to his sad and lonely childhood, and to his life in the woods, face to face with Nature: he loved her every mood and had a noble desire to investigate her hidden forces and to know the causes of things. There was, as yet, no college in Britain and very little learning except that of the priests; he therefore begged his father to allow him to go to Athens, to study in the schools of that renowned city. Hudibras reluctantly consented and Bladud with a train of knights embarked for Greece.

The Greeks were not at that time the enlightened people they afterwards became, and their philosophers, who derived their learning from India and Egypt, taught many erroneous doctrines ; but they are not on that account to be condemned, for they were like explorers who take a wrong turning, yet find many places and objects of interest on the road. Just as Columbus sailed out to look for India and found America, so the false sciences of astrology, alchemy and necromancy have led to the discovery of many important truths.

Bladud remained for nine years in Athens, eagerly attending the lectures in the schools ; but most of all he delighted in mechanics and in all kinds of skilled handicrafts. He loved to frequent the workshops of the cunning artificers, where he heard the story of Icarus, the son of Daedalus, who made himself a pair of wings to fly in the air : and it seemed to confirm his boyish dreams.

But this delightful life was cut short by the arrival of messengers from King Hudibras, commanding his return to Britain. He persuaded four of the Athenian philosophers to accompany him, and when he became king, he established them in a college at Stamford in Lincolnshire. It was a strange sort of college : for the students were chiefly instructed in Black Magic and how to foretell the future by the stars ; they also learnt about the Transmigration of Souls, that is, that the souls of animals after death are born again in the bodies of men ; a doctrine afterwards made so famous by the Greek philosopher Pythagoras.

King Bladud never forgot that he had once been an outcast and a leper, and one of the first things he did was to reward the kindness of his former master, the farmer, with a grant of land. Another grateful act was to build *Caer Badon* or Bath. This was different from all the other cities of Britain, for it was not a strong castle but a health resort with large baths supplied with medicinal waters from the hot springs. He wished that other sufferers might also benefit by its virtue and feel, like himself, the joy of being restored to health. And because he honoured wisdom above all other god-like attributes, he dedicated his city to *Minerva* and adorned it with a temple on whose altars fires were kept perpetually burning.

The Romans afterwards built much larger baths and a much finer city, which they called *Aquae Sulis*; but no doubt it was in the old British city that the Emperor *Claudius*, or some gouty pro-consul, first learnt to appreciate the health-giving properties of those waters of *Minerva*.

Ever since the time when, as a swineherd, he had watched the wild geese and swans spreading their wings for flight, Bladud had been haunted by the idea that some day he would discover the secret of that wondrous power. He was a craftsman of very great patience and industry, and whatever time he could spare from the cares of State he spent in his workshop. After much thought and labour he succeeded in constructing a pair of large van-like wings—a sort of biplane, in fact—that did actually carry him for short distances through the air. He was

overjoyed by this invention and though his friends often warned him of the sad fate of Icarus, he was undaunted by such fears. He made more and more trials till at last he resolved to fly from the temple of Artemis, or Diana, to that of Apollo; the distance between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; and proclaimed a holiday in Troynovant.

Amid a crowd of spectators the King soared up towards the clouds and for some time all went well. But, alas, just as he was nearing his goal he was caught in a cross current and the mechanism by which the planes were worked got out of gear. Down he fell rapidly and was dashed to pieces on the very steps of the temple.

Thus perished King Bladud, hardly less nobly than if he had died fighting for his country; and the secret that he had learnt with so much toil and courage died with him and was not found again for more than two thousand years.

IV

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

“ Fairest Cordeha ! Thou art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, despised
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon ;
Be it lawful, I take up what’s cast away

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown on my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France”

SHAKESPEARE : *King Lear*.

B.C. LEIR, son of Bladud, was the tenth king of 835-775. Loegria and overlord of Britain. He built the city of Caer Leir, afterwards called Leircester, or Leicester, and ruled with great wisdom for nearly sixty years. But in his old age he lost all his former good sense and became vain and foolish : his temper too, always impetuous, grew very violent and uncertain. He had no son, only three daughters of whom he was dotingly fond, especially of the youngest, Cordeilla. The two eldest, Gonerilla and Regau, were bold, ambitious women, and very ready with fair speeches ; but Cordeilla, though of a loving nature, “ and of manners most courteous,” was shy and retiring.

“ Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.”

As Leir found his health growing feebler every day he determined to renounce all cares of State and to divide his kingdom between his daughters, giving them at the same time in marriage to British princes, so that their husbands could help them to govern their dominions. Thinking it would be a good plan to bestow the largest share on the child who loved him the best, he, one day, summoned the three princesses into his presence. Addressing Gonerilla first, as his eldest-born :

“My daughter,” he said, “tell me how much you love me.”

The artful damsel, perceiving that the poor dotard could be deceived by any flattering tale, declared in a voice that seemed full of deep feeling :

“My lord, I call Heaven and all the gods to witness that I love you better than my own soul.”

Leir, delighted at such passionate words, promised her a third part of his kingdom with a rich dowry in gold and leave to choose any bridegroom that should please her. He then turned to Regau, who was as crafty as her sister. Hoping to wheedle her father into giving her an equally rich portion, she vowed and protested that she loved him better than all the world beside.

The deluded parent glowed with pride to think that he was able to inspire such great affection and made her the same promises that he had done to Gonerilla. In the meantime Cordeilla, his best beloved, had withdrawn somewhat apart from the others, ashamed that her sisters should thus take advantage of an

old man's decaying wits. She hoped to remain unnoticed, but the King bade her approach, fondly expecting an even more loving answer than the other two had given him. He secretly wished to bestow the largest share of the kingdom upon her and to spend the remainder of his days under her roof, tended by her gentle care.

"Come hither, child," he cried, "and tell thine old father how much thou lovest him."

But Cordeilla hung back and replied very quietly :

"Dear father, I love thee as a daughter and will always show thee the respect and obedience due from a daughter, and what more can a father require of his child ? My sisters protest their love," she added, fixing her reproachful eyes on Gonerilla and Regau : "So much as thou hast, so much art thou worth, and so much do they love thee."

Leir stared in surprise, loth to believe that his elder children loved him only for his riches ; his wayward temper could brook no reproof, and for a few moments he was speechless with rage, but at last his anger burst forth. He grew black in the face as he rose from his ivory chair crying :

"Fly from my sight ! Since you despise my old age and think me unworthy of the love your sisters have expressed for me, you shall have no share in my kingdom and shall be given in marriage to a stranger from some other land."

Cordeilla made no protest against this unjust sentence ; she bowed her head submissively, and with a heavy heart went back to her chamber, where she

sat very still all day long and was avoided by the rest of the household

King Leir called a council to decide upon the partition of Loegria and the amount of treasure that he would bestow upon the two elder princesses. When their dowries were made known they at once became very attractive as brides, in spite of their unamiable characters, and suitors flocked from far and near. It so happened that the two chief under-kings, Maglaun, Duke of Albany, and Henvin, Duke of Cornwall, were then unmarried, so they immediately rode to court and presented themselves, Maglaun for the hand of Gonerilla and Henvin for the hand of Regan. The ambitious damsels accepted them without hesitation, and dismissed all their other suitors; the weddings were celebrated without delay, and King Leir formally made over a third part of Loegria to each of his two sons-in-law, reserving for himself only that territory that he had intended for Cordeilla, promising them, however, that on his death it should be divided equally between them

Cordeilla continued in disgrace, and, as none of the British princes cared for a portionless wife, she remained unmarried, neglected by the court and taunted by her sisters for her want of worldly wisdom. Nevertheless the fame of her beauty and the unjust treatment to which she was subjected spread to other countries and reached the ears of Aganippus, one of the kings of Gaul.

"Here might be the bride for me," he thought, and despatched envoys into Britain to demand the

hand of the princess in marriage. King Leir received them ungraciously, for he was still nursing his wrath at what he deemed the ingratitude of his youngest daughter.

"I am willing enough to bestow her upon King Aganippus," he said, "for the sooner she leaves my roof the better ; but let him understand that she will have no portion, for what remains of my land and treasure is already promised to her more dutiful sisters." However, he sent for Cordeilla to speak for herself, and she came into the council hall with her noble bearing and sweet, sad face. She had good reason to look sad, for she had not only lost her father's love but his house had become little better than a prison to her. In happier times she would have wept at the thought of going to a distant land and to an unknown bridegroom, but now she gladly consented, provided Aganippus were willing to receive a bride so poor and friendless.

The envoys returned to Gaul to acquaint their master with the obdurate King's decision before proceeding further in the business ; but they gave such a vivid description of the sweetness and modest grace of the princess that Aganippus was more eager than ever to make her his queen. When they reminded him that she was disinherited he replied :

"What matters that ? I have enough of gold and silver, and for lands I have one third part of Gaul ; therefore I desire no more such possessions. Go you back now and tell King Leir that I would fain marry his daughter for herself alone."

So the envoys went back to *Caer Leir* to fetch the princess, who was shipped off to *Gaul* with no other dowry than the clothes she wore. *Leir* watched her depart without relenting or even giving her his blessing, so obstinate was he in his resentment.

But *Aganippus* received her with as much honour as if she had been the richest bride in *Europe*, and the gentle *Cordeilla* lived very happily in her husband's city of *Karitia*, though she often thought wistfully of her father, for he was still very dear to her, and of her native land.

"Forget that thou art *Leir's* daughter," said King *Aganippus* one day on seeing her sad looks ; "remember only that thou art my queen and that I love thee."

Cordeilla smiled gratefully and replied :

"I cannot forget my father. I think not of his unjust treatment, but remember only how kind he was to me in my childhood."

In the meantime affairs in *Britain* were going from bad to worse. *Leir* grew more infirm, and seeing he was wholly unfit to govern, his two sons-in-law rose in rebellion and deprived him of his dominions.

"Let the old man amuse himself with his hawks and hounds," they said. "So long as he has these, and his favourite knights around him to obey his slightest word, he will be quite happy."

It was agreed between them that the dethroned king should live with *Gonerilla*, with a retinue of sixty knights, and *Leir*, who childishly clung far more to the outward shows of royalty than to real power, seemed quite satisfied with this arrangement.

Matters went smoothly for the first year, but with the second, troubles arose owing to the noisy, ill-disciplined behaviour of the King's knights who were always grumbling about their rations; they drank hard and quarrelled with the servants; in short, there was so much brawling that the place was more like an alehouse than a castle. Yet their imperious old master would allow no one to reprove them but himself, though he was quite unable to keep them in order.

Duke Maglaun was often away, fighting the wild tribes on his northern border, so Gonerilla was left as governor of the castle. The lady grew so exasperated with her lawless guests that she was at no pains to hide her displeasure. As she had never had any real affection for her father she did not trouble to keep up the flatteries with which she had formerly managed him, but her harshness only made the stubborn king more unreasonable.

"This cannot go on," she said to her husband when he returned one day and found the castle in an uproar.

"Yet we promised the old man to maintain a retinue of sixty knights," replied Maglaun doubtfully.

"What is the use of keeping promises to a mad-man?" exclaimed Gonerilla scornfully. "Half that number will be quite enough. Dismiss you thirty of his household and I will speak to my father."

Thus urged by his wife, Maglaun drove thirty of the knights out of the castle, while Gonerilla coldly informed the King that if he were not content with

the services of the remaining thirty he might betake himself elsewhere

Stung with rage at this ingratitude, Leir at once quitted his daughter's roof and repaired with his diminished train to Cornwall, to seek the hospitality of Regau. His second daughter received him graciously at first, but a year had scarcely passed before she grew as impatient as Gonerilla had been, and one day, without even consulting him, she abruptly cut down the number of his attendants to five. The poor old king was aghast at such an affront and at first could hardly believe his senses.

"Woe worth the man," he exclaimed, "who having riches and honours delivers them over to his children! Oh, dear Cordeilla, how true were thy words: 'So much as thou hast, so much art thou worth.' So long as I had that which was mine own to give, so long they deemed me worthy of love." Not knowing what to do in his despair, he returned to Albany, for even thirty knights would be better than five, he thought. But Gonerilla received him with ill-concealed anger; she found even the five knights very troublesome, and on the fourth day after their arrival she disdainfully informed the King that poor relations must be satisfied with what they could get, and that *one* armour-bearer would be ample for his needs.

Then in the bitterness of his heart the despised old man turned to his other child Cordeilla, who, though she had made no boast of her love, had promised that she would always show him the respect and

obedience of a daughter. But he had driven her far over the sea, and, sorely as he repented of his unkindness, he hesitated to flee to her, fearing that she would never forgive him for having sent her, like some low-born maiden, dowerless to her husband's house ; so little did he understand her loving nature. Nevertheless he was so utterly broken by grief and shame at his mean position that he resolved to beg her forgiveness.

"I will seek my dear daughter Cordeilla ; she can but forbid me her kingdom," he thought. And attended only by his armour-bearer he made his way to Dover. A ship was just setting sail for Gaul, but the ship-master treated the former overlord of Britain with scant courtesy. Two other princes who happened to be crossing at the same time had taken the two best places, and it added a fresh pang to the dethroned king's misery when the master, without any apology or show of deference, assigned him only the *third* place. He burst into tears, exclaiming between his sobs :

"Alas, I have indeed become an outcast and a beggar ! While I had my kingdom my people loved me, but now that I have nothing I am despised. Yet a keener grief it is to me to call to mind my lost happiness than to endure my present misery."

On landing in Gaul the King and his faithful armour-bearer had a long and painful journey to the city of Karitia. It was stormy weather, the roads were bad, and the travellers had hardly any money left to buy food on the way. When at

last they reached the gates of the city they were footsore and splashed with mud from head to heel. Though sinking with fatigue Leir refused to enter, for he was ashamed to appear before his son-in-law, King Aganippus, in this wretched plight and thus disgrace his daughter in the eyes of her husband and people.

The armour-bearer, who dared not leave his master, tried to coax and persuade him, but in vain ; so he found an honest countryman whom he entrusted with a message to the Queen, saying that her father had fled from the cruelty of her sisters to beseech her compassion. Cordeilla was seated alone in her bower when the man entered, and she wept bitterly on hearing that the King was outside the walls without food or shelter.

“ I thank the gods,” she exclaimed, “ that my father is still alive and has come to me ! ” But the unfeeling conduct of her sisters in driving him to wander thus in a strange land, stirred her to passionate indignation.

“ How many attendants did you say were with the King ? ” she inquired. The man replied that there was only *one* armour-bearer. Cordeilla turned scarlet with anger and surprise, for in those days no prince ever travelled without a long train of knights and servants, and this simple fact proved only too well how false her sisters had been to their fine promises and vows of love. She started up to go at once and succour him, when she remembered his proud nature and how greatly it would add to his sufferings should she behold him in his present miserable state. She

sat silent for a long time, lost in thought, turning over first one plan and then another in her mind. At last she sent for one of her most trustworthy servants and, giving him a sum of money and several changes of fine linen, bade him return with the messenger and follow out her instructions.

The servant found the poor wanderer almost dying, and, according to the Queen's command, he and the armour-bearer conveyed him to another city not far distant, where they placed him in shelter, bathed, and restored him with food and wine. These two faithful attendants nursed the aged king back to health, and in a few weeks he had recovered from the hardships of his journey.

In the meantime Cordeilla sent several rich suits of apparel and a horse royally caparisoned; then, when all was ready she despatched a retinue of forty knights suitably armed and mounted, with a letter to her dear father, bidding him send word to her husband, King Aganippus, and announce his coming as though he had but newly arrived in Gaul.

Thus Leir, restored to health, set out in sumptuous array for Karitia, and the secret had been so well kept that none of the spectators who lined the wayside ever suspected that the majestic, white-bearded king, riding at the head of his train of knights, had but a few weeks earlier been a homeless and starving vagabond.

Cordeilla and Aganippus rode forth in royal state to meet their distinguished guest, and to greet him with all the honour due to the King of Britain. As

soon as they came in sight of his cavalcade, Cordeilla alighted from her horse and held out her loving arms to him. Leir dismounted and would have knelt to her, so great was his repentance, but she folded him in a tender embrace; all wrongs, all sufferings were forgotten in the joy of seeing each other once more.

They led him back to the city where the banqueting hall was hung with tapestry in honour of the occasion; the feast was served on golden platters and the wine sparkled in golden cups in which Aganippus and his nobles pledged their royal guest; but Cordeilla sat by his side in silence with love beaming from her gentle eyes.

King Leir spent a happy time in Karitia with his new son and his beloved daughter. Cordeilla persuaded her husband to espouse her father's cause and to help him to regain his kingdom. Aganippus raised an army, and when the spring came round again they all accompanied Leir back to Britain and landed at Dover. The Dukes of Albany and Cornwall who hastened to meet them were both defeated in battle, and the ill-used King was restored to the throne of his fathers.

So all ended happily for King Leir, and he reigned for two more years in great prosperity at *Caer Leir*; Cordeilla, after the death of her kind husband, came to live with him and helped him to govern, knowing that the cares of State were too much for his feeble health. She was the queen all but in name, and when at last the aged monarch died he left his kingdom to this most dutiful of daughters. She mourned for

her dear father and caused him to be buried with great splendour in an underground chamber belonging to the temple of Janus that had been constructed with wonderful art in the bed of the river Soar.

But a tragic fate awaited Queen Cordella.

Gonerilla and Regau who had once despised their younger sister, now hated her with a bitter hatred for her share in their husbands' overthrow. Maglaun and Henvin had since died, ruined men, and were succeeded by their two sons, Margan and Cunedag, as Dukes of Albany and Cornwall. These youths became deadly instruments of vengeance in the hands of their implacable and scheming mothers, who taught them to regard the Queen as a usurper. So when they reached man's estate they refused to swear allegiance to one who had deprived them of their birthright, declaring, moreover, that it was a disgrace for men to be governed by a woman.

"What right has she to give laws to us?" they asked scornfully of the nobles. "Are the Britons such children that they must have a woman to lead them in battle?"

Thus they stirred up strife and headed a rebellion. Cordeilla was taken prisoner and thrust into a dark and dreadful dungeon, often used as a torture-chamber. The insolent princes wished to force her to renounce the kingdom, but the unhappy lady, usually so gentle, had inherited something of her father's haughty spirit and she disdained to submit to her sisters' sons. Death had robbed her of her dear ones; she had no one left to love or to live for,

and, overcome by the horror of the place, she took a sharp knife that she had concealed in the folds of her mantle, and plunged it into her heart.

Thus she died most pitifully ; but the remembrance of her filial piety lived on, till Shakespeare placed her among his radiant company of heroines where, like a star, she shines for ever.

NOTES

P. 1. **Le Roman**, the story or romance

Brut or **Bryt**, should be pronounced with a short "u," as **Brutt**. Geoffrey, however, latinized it as **Brutus**, so that it was generally translated "Brute."

B.C. 1082, the supposed date of the landing of the Trojans in Britain.

P. 1, l. 1. **Ascanius**, son of Aeneas and Creusa, daughter of King Priam. His mother perished, but he was saved from the flames of Troy and accompanied his father to Italy.

P. 2, l. 13. **Dardan blood**. Dardanius, son of Zeus, was the founder of the Trojan line of kings.

P. 3, l. 21. **Silvius Aeneas**, son of Aeneas and his Latin wife Lavinia; founder of the "great Silvan line" and ancestor of Romulus and Remus.

P. 3, l. 23. **Silvius**. This prince and his son Brut are thought to be the invention of Geoffrey or the old British chronicler; at least they are not mentioned in Virgil's *Aeneid* or by any ancient writers.

P. 3, l. 30. **goddess-born**, referring to Venus or Aphrodite, who was the mother of Aeneas. When she appeared to her son in mortal form her divinity was betrayed by the grace with which she trod.

P. 5, l. 14. **Turonus**, or Turnus, a name borrowed from the *Aeneid*.

P. 7, l. 23. **Andromache**, widow of Hector, afterwards married to Helenus. Lord Leighton's beautiful picture "Captive Andromache" is in the Manchester Art Gallery.

P. 7, l. 25. **Pyrrhus**, or Neoptolemus, son of Achilles and King of Epirus; he was afterwards slain by Orestes.

P. 7, l. 27. **Chaonia**, still so called.

P. 8, l. 7. **Buthrotum**, now Butrinto, scene of that most pathetic meeting of Aeneas and Andromache. See *Aeneid*, Bk. iii.

P. 9, l. 20. **Pandrasus, the Molossian.** Molossus was the son of Pyrrhus and the founder of a line of Epirote kings; Pandrasus is presumably his son or grandson.

P. 10, l. 6. **Anchises**, a Dardan prince and father of Aeneas.

P. 12, l. 17. **Imogen.** Geoffrey has "Ignoge." This and many other proper names have undergone a bewildering variety of changes in their progress from the old British book through Latin, Norman-French, Early English to the Elizabethan writers. No consistent plan has here been followed, except that the most familiar form has generally been selected.

P. 13, l. 3. **Assaracus.** A name no doubt suggested by Virgil. See *Aeneid*, Bk. i. l. 288.

P. 13, l. 19. **Sparatinum.** "I know not what town, but certainly no Greek name" (Milton).

P. 14, l. 26. **our brother.** In the *Tragedy of Locrine* both Assaracus and Corineus are described as the brothers of Brut, no doubt because it was a common custom among friends to take a vow of eternal brotherhood. Cp. *As You Like It*; "They shook hands and swore brothers." Also *Richard II.*: "I am sworn brother to dire adversity."

P. 17, l. 7. **Achelous.** Geoffrey calls it the Akalon, which Milton conjectures to be either the Achelous or the Acheron.

P. 18, l. 6. **liquid fire**, i.e. Greek fire; much used in mediaeval warfare.

P. 19, l. 7. **leaguer** (German, *lager*), the camp of the besiegers. "A beleaguered city" is a besieged city.

P. 20, l. 29. **the ghosts of the slain**, referring to the belief that the spirit could not rest until the corpse had been reverently interred.

P. 25, l. 24. **Et ipsis**, etc. (And to thy race shall the whole earth be subject) Milton avoids a literal translation of this line, remarking: "In this Diana overshot her oracle."

P. 26, l. 8. **Leogecia**, apparently a fictitious name; at least it cannot be identified with any island in the Mediterranean

P. 31, l. 17. **Pillars of Hercules**, the rocks on either side the Strait of Gibraltar.

P. 32 l. 9. **sirens.** Layamon confuses them with the fish-tailed mermaids of northern myth. According to the well-known story in the *Odyssey* (Bk. xii) of Ulysses and the Sirens, they were of human shape and only three in number.

P. 33, l. 18. **Pyrenees**, according to Layamon's geography; Geoffrey says the Tyrrhene Sea, which is much less plausible.

P. 33, l. 26. **chlamys**, the short, light cloak worn by Greek youths.

P. 33, l. 29 **crooked Greek**. So the chroniclers called the ancient British tongue, because of a fancied resemblance in sound between the Welsh and Greek languages.

P. 34, l. 8. **Antenor**, a Trojan general who, according to Virgil, was the founder of Padua.

P. 35, l. 18. **Lestrygon**, the descendants of Lestrygon, a son of Neptune and brother of Albion. Hercules, after a terrific combat with this giant on a stony shore in Languedoc, chased him out of France into Italy. The Lestrygones mentioned in the *Odyssey* seem to have dwelt in Italy or Sicily.

P. 40, l. 27. **gisarm**, a battle-axe; one of the few Norman-French words used by Layamon.

P. 46, l. 11. **Gogmagog**, wrongly so called, in confusion with Gog, a prince of Magog, denounced by Ezekiel. Still more incorrect is it to speak of the gigantic figures in the Guildhall as "Gog and Magog"; they are intended to represent Corineus and Goemagot.

P. 51, l. 15. **a wrestling match**. Milton calls this "a grand fable, dignified by our best poets."

P. 54, l. 25. **St. Paul's**. The Romans built a temple to Diana on this site, but there is no trace of an earlier British fane.

P. 55, l. 6. **Troynovant**, supposed to have been situated on the left bank of the Thames, between the Fleet and the Walbrook.

P. 57, l. 1. **Loocrine**, pronounced to rhyme with "shrine"; not Looreen.

P. 58, l. 14. **amazon**. In Greek mythology the Amazons were female warriors of Scythia; hence the word is used for an intrepid horsewoman.

P. 60, l. 16. **Scythians**, a fierce and warlike people of southern Russia, but the name is often vaguely used for any barbarous tribe.

P. 63, l. 19. **Cimbrian**. The Cimbri were the ancient inhabitants of Jutland and Schleswig Holstein.

P. 65, l. 20. **block of stone**, often used in the rude North for a seat of ceremony. A similar block, the coronation stone of the Saxon kings, is to be seen in the market-place at Kingston-on-Thames; that of the Scottish kings, under the coronat on chair at Westminster Abbey, will no doubt occur to the reader.

P. 69, l. 6. **manners**. As civilization advanced, bringing with it the amenities of life, the meaning of this word was gradually extended to denote politeness and knowledge of the usages of courts.

Pp. 69-70. **doors of whalebone**. This seems odd material for a door, but possibly Layamon was thinking of the jawbones of a

whale that were sometimes erected before a house to form a kind of porch or arch.

P. 70, l. 3. **Fair Rosamond.** The story of this ill-fated heroine has some resemblance to that of Estrildis. Henry II. seems to have read Geoffrey's book, and perhaps the secret treasure-chamber suggested the bower at Woodstock.

P. 71, l. 11. **warrior queen.** The Boadicea group on the Embankment at Westminster will give some idea of Gwendolen as she went forth to war. Dion Cassius tells us that Boadicea had long, bright-coloured hair flowing over her shoulders.

P. 76, l. 6. **a golden eagle.** A parrot or cockatoo may have given rise to this legend of the talking eagle.

P. 78, l. 14. **a peasant who,** according to local tradition, lived on the land where the present town of Keynsham is situated.

P. 79, l. 12. **further into the forest.** According to another legend, Bladud forded the river Avon with his swine, hence the name Swinford.

P. 80, l. 1. **Narcissus.** In Greek mythology a beautiful youth who fell in love with his own image reflected in a fountain. See *Children of the Dawn*.

P. 81, l. 12. **taller and fairer.** Layamon describes Bladud as being very huge of stature; according to other writers, he was the tallest and handsomest man in his dominions.

P. 82, l. 9. **astrology,** the study of the heavenly bodies with reference to human affairs; it led the way to astronomy.

P. 82, l. 9. **alchemy,** the quest of the Philosopher's Stone through which all other metals could be turned into gold; this led the way to chemistry.

P. 82, l. 10. **necromancy,** the art of questioning the spirits of the dead; not to be confused with Nigromancy or Black Magic, i.e. magic wrought by the agency of evil or heathen spirits.

P. 82, l. 17. **Daedalus,** a marvellous artificer in the employ of Minos, King of Crete; constructor of the labyrinth. See Kingsley's *Heroes*.

P. 82, l. 24. **Stamford.** According to the *Mirror for Magistrates* the foundations of this building were to be seen at Stamford as late as the sixteenth century.

P. 82, l. 28. **Transmigration of Souls.** Caesar himself has recorded the Britons' belief in this doctrine.

P. 83, l. 4. **a grant of land,** afterwards known in the Saxon speech as Hogs Norton.

P. 83, l. 5. **Caer Badon** or **Badus.** Caer is the British for city; cp. Caernarthen, Caernarvon.

P. 83, l. 8. **hot springs**. Higgens gives a long account of Bladud's magical contrivances for heating the waters. Geoffrey merely says: "he fashioned hot baths, meet for the needs of men."

P. 83, l. 13. **Minerva** or **Pallas**, the goddess of wisdom.

P. 83, l. 14. **fires.. perpetually burning**, "that never turned into ashes, but as they began to fail, became, as it were, round balls of stone" (Geoffrey).

P. 83, l. 16. **Aquae Sulis**, waters of Sul, a British goddess identified with Minerva. Some authors write **Aquae Solis**, i.e. waters of the sun.

P. 83, l. 18. **the Emperor Claudius**, who came to Britain A.D. 43, is said to have visited Bath and to have benefited by the waters.

P. 84, l. 2. **sad fate of Icarus**. He flew up towards the sun, but the heat of its rays melted the wax by means of which his wings were fastened to his shoulders, so that he fell to earth and was killed.

P. 85, l. 10. **Cordeilla.. Gonerilla and Regan**. Geoffrey's version of these names is here adhered to, so that the reader may compare them with the "Cordeha," "Goneril" and "Regan" of Shakespeare.

P. 88, l. 9. **under-kings**. In some of the countries of Europe dukes were, and still are, under-kings, but they have never been so in Great Britain; though they sometimes own *land* they do not rule over the *people* in their duchies; thus the Duke of Cornwall has never, in real history, reigned over Cornwall.

P. 90, l. 9. **Karitia**, probably a fictitious city, though one translator conjectures "Calais."

P. 97, l. 3. **Janus**, a Roman deity represented as having two faces, the one looking before and the other after. The month of January derives its name from this god.

SUBJECTS FOR SHORT COMPOSITIONS

(The numbers in brackets refer to the pages.)

I. LE ROMAN DE BRUT.

1. What is an anachronism? Give instances of this error in the foregoing story.
2. Do you remember any children in History who were flung into the Tiber and rescued?
3. Write a short geographical description of Epirus.
4. Write a little poem entitled "Imogen's Farewell to the Shores of Greece."
5. Criticize Milton's remark that Diana overshot her oracle, bearing in mind the fact that Henry VII., an ancestor of King George, was of ancient British descent.
6. Do you know the story of Ulysses and the Sirens?
7. Write a description of your own of the funeral of Turonus, which resembled that of Anchises, as told in the *Aeneid*.
8. How did Brut and his followers (Brythonic Celts) differ from the Ivernians, or earlier inhabitants of Britain?
9. Show how the story of Jack the Giant-killer may have its origin in the Corineus legend.
10. Write an imaginary account of a celebration of the festival of Artemis in her temple at Troynovant.
11. Explain the words: augur (3), verderers (4), tortoise (18), leaguer (19), combe (19), devoted (27), plinth (29), torque (34), sleight (53).
12. Write sentences containing the following words so used as to show their meaning: propitious (4), patrimony (13), degenerate (13), concentrate (23), avaricious (23), profusion (27), effulgence (29), doggerel (45), guttural (50), antagonist (52).

II. THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE.

1. Relate a well-known story of fair-haired children being exposed for sale in the slave markets of the South.
2. Compare the legend of Fair Rosamond with that of Estrildis.
3. Write a Lamentation of the Cornishmen over their dead chief, or a little poem descriptive of the captive Sabren kneeling before Gwendolen.
4. Explain the words: foray (58), high-mettled (58), marauders (60), lieges (60), estuary (61), miscreant (61), jubilant (62), brigantine (63), labyrinth (69).

III. BLADUD, THE AVIATOR.

1. Have you read of any other talking bird of ill-omen?
2. Write a short poem on the little swineherd watching a flock of wild swans flying over the marsh.
3. Mention some erroneous doctrines that have been exploded by modern science.
4. Explain the words: aviator (76), mechanics (82), artificer (82), philosopher (82), transmigration (82), necromancy (82), to investigate (81), peasant (80), dedicate (83), pro-consul (83).

IV. KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

1. The present Duke of Albany is also Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. What difference is there in his tenure of these two dukedoms?
2. Write an imaginary conversation between Cordeilla and her two jealous sisters.
3. Compare the ending of Geoffrey's story of King Lear with that of Shakespeare's tragedy.
4. Write sentences containing the following words so used as to show their meaning: dotard (86), envoys (89), obdurate (89), resentment (90), retinue (90), wistful (90), exasperated (91), bower (94), caparisoned (95), cavalcade (96), allegiance (97), implacable (97), usurper (97).

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

I. LE ROMAN DE BRUT.

Sources. Chiefly Layamon's *Brut*; also Holinshed's *Chronicles of England*, Milton's *Early Britain* and the opening scene of the *Tragedy of Locrine*, a play attributed to Shakespeare.

The *Brut* often differs considerably from Wace's *Roman* and Geoffrey's *Histories*. Layamon, who lived on the borders of Wales, seems to have acquired a good deal of British folk-lore at first-hand, which adds very greatly to the interest of the poem. He also enlivens the narrative with dialogue and many graphic touches.

Nearly all the English chroniclers, even as late as Holinshed (1587), begin their histories with Geoffrey's "Tale of Troy." Milton does so; not that he believed in it—for Camden, the antiquary, had finally disposed of its pretensions—but chiefly for "old sake's sake." He had a lingering affection for the *Monmouth Book*, as he calls it, and at one time planned an epic poem with Brut for its hero.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Bk. ii. Canto x., gives a summary, with some variations, of these time-honoured fables, from Brut to Uther.

Read Ben Jonson's exquisite "Hymn to Diana," beginning "Queen and huntress chaste and Fair" (Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*).

II. THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE.

Other sources. *The Tragedy of Locrine* (1595), by W. S.; *Mirror for Magistrates*, by Higgins; *The Masque of Comus*, by Milton, which has many allusions to the fate of Sabren or Sabrina.

The initials W. S. have given rise to the conjecture that *The Tragedy of Locrine* is by Shakespeare, but we find no trace of his magic touch, and its authorship is very doubtful.

Swinburne has written a tragedy on this subject, founded on the older play, which may have some interest for students of literary tastes.

III. BLADUD THE AVIATOR.

Other sources. Warner's *History of Bath* and other guide books; *Polyolbion*, by Michael Drayton, Songs iii. and vii.; *Mirror for Magistrates*, by Higgens.

Read Chapter xxxvi. of the *Pickwick Papers*, which relates how Mr. Pickwick, when sitting up late one night in his lodgings at Bath, found a couple of sheets of writing-paper in the inkstand drawer, written over very closely and entitled "The True History of the British prince Bladud."

IV. KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Other sources. Holinshed's *Chronicles*; the chronicle play of *King Leir and his Three Daughters* (first published in 1605); various old ballads.

Shakespeare has founded his great tragedy of *King Lear* on the chronicle play, but he has intertwined the story of the unhappy king with another—that of Gloucester and his two sons—borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. Read the following scenes: Act i. Scene 1 (beginning "Enter Lear," etc.), Scenes 3, 4, 5; Act ii. Scene 4; Act iii. Scenes 1, 2, 4, 6; Act iv. Scenes 1, 2, 4, 6, 7; Act v. Scenes 2, 3 (to "Exeunt Lear and Cordelia"), Scene 3 (from "Enter Lear" to end).

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